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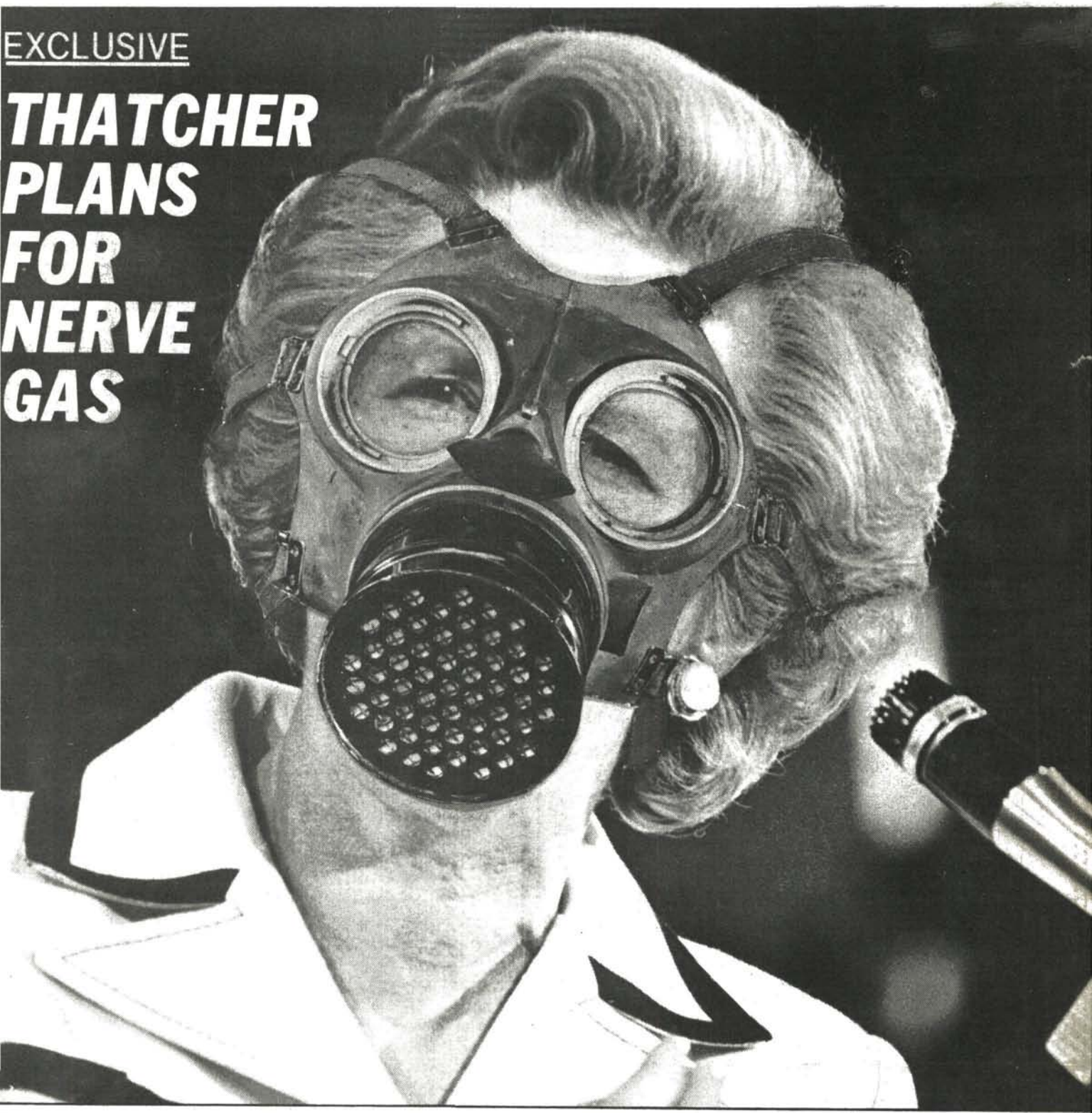
New Statesman

EXCLUSIVE

THATCHER PLANS FOR NERVE GAS



PLUS: Windscale victims • Raphael Samuel • Scotland's coal • John Pilger in Alice • Books • Arts

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New Statesman

Cover montage: Peter Kennard

Last week's cover photo should have been credited to Richard & Sally Greenhill

Thatcher goes for nerve gas
Duncan Campbell reveals that a secret government committee is planning to start producing nerve gas 8

NEWS 4-6

HOME

Peter Kellner: new Left moves 7
Bill Niven: stockpiles in defence technology 10
George Kerevan and Richard Saville: Scotland's coal 12
Raphael Samuel: the miners' strike 14
Richard Kinsey and Jock Young: crime as a class issue 16
Denis Knight: death of the doss house 16

FOREIGN

Tony Paterson: the secret policeman's fall 19
Jonathan Mirsky: China's marxism 20
Claudia Wright: Voice of America 21

WEEKEND

Chris Mullin describes, in the first of two articles, *Tribune*'s tribulations 26

BOOKS

Mervyn Jones: The Webbs 29
Knute Skinner: Poem 29
Nigella Lawson: Politics of beauty 30
David Montrose: American literature 31
Steven Rose: Physicists' biology 32
Felicity Napier: Poem 32
Shorter reviews 33
Roger Lewis: Fiction 34

ARTS

John Coleman: Films 35
Benedict Nightingale: Theatre 35
Andrew Clements: Opera 36
Jules Lubbock: Limehouse Basin revisited 37

BACKCHAT

L.R. Gofton: Styles in public drinking 38
Naseem Khan: Work in progress on 'alternative' arts 39
Hugo Williams: Television 40
Weekend competition 40
Crossword 41

PLUS

Mediawatch: Hugh Stephenson 17
Diary: John Pilger 18
Roger Woddis 18
Letters 22
Slump 22
Feedback 23

NEXT WEEK

Michelene Wandor on imagination and literature
Chris Mullin: Silkin's coup attempt
Sara Maitland on Mary Daly's *Pure Lust*
John Spurling on Chagall

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New Statesman

Vol 109 No 2808 11 January 1985

Questions of motherhood

MR NORMAN FOWLER, Secretary of State for the Social Services, is extremely unwise to be panicked by recent sensational publicity into introducing emergency legislation on surrogate motherhood. For it is a complex and sensitive subject, the harbinger of a new world in which the customary categories of 'natural' parenthood will be called increasingly into question. As such, any new legislation is going to have to provide a lasting foundation for the new parenting, and the implications need to be carefully and thoroughly explored.

Two 'standards' about what constitutes a 'proper' moral and legal regime for the conception, bearing and parentage of children are obviously unacceptable. One is the view that there should be no State intervention of any kind in the form of law governing, for example, surrogate motherhood. In an economic and social system such as ours, where there are virtually no barriers to turning anything into a saleable commodity or service and few limits to commercial exploitation, it would be catastrophic if conceiving, bearing and giving birth to children became a widespread commercial practice.

If this happened, poor working-class and Third World women would be especially vulnerable to exploitation and abuse, as over the years they have always been. It is essential that the law covering the rights of all those involved in the process of surrogate motherhood — the child, the surrogate mother, the commissioning mother and the father — should be fully discussed and then clarified by Parliament, for as the current case has shown at present the law in this area is quite uncertain.

The second unacceptable standard is that only married couples should have and bring up children and that any other arrangement is 'unnatural' and should be prevented, or at least strongly discouraged, by society. As last year's Warnock committee report stated, one strongly held objection to surrogate motherhood 'turns on the view that to introduce a third party into the process of procreation which should be confined to the loving partnership between two people is an attack on the value of the marital relationship'.

But the existence of a marital relationship is in itself no guarantee that a child will be well or lovingly brought up: and millions of children clearly thrive under the care of one or more adults, living outside any conventional marital relationship.

The concern here is, therefore, not with the protection of the institution of marriage. Nor can we be concerned only with the rights, or the 'best interests', of the child involved. This starting point is used by social workers and the law when dealing with cases involving children, but it is simply not an adequate guide to dealing with the issues involved in the process of surrogate motherhood. We are dealing with the 'need' of the couple, or single woman, or man, who yearn for a child but are unable to have one of their own. The force of this yearning means that any completely prohibitive law on surrogate motherhood will simply be broken — with the growth of an underground market in sperm, eggs and wombs for desperate would-be parents.

There is already a thriving use of AID (Artificial Insemination by Donor) taking place in a complete legal vacuum as to the rights and responsibilities of those involved. The Warnock committee's

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recommendation was that a child conceived by AID should be treated in law as the legitimate child of its mother and her husband and that the law should be changed so that the semen donor should have no rights or duties in relation to the child. This simple reform should be instituted at once.

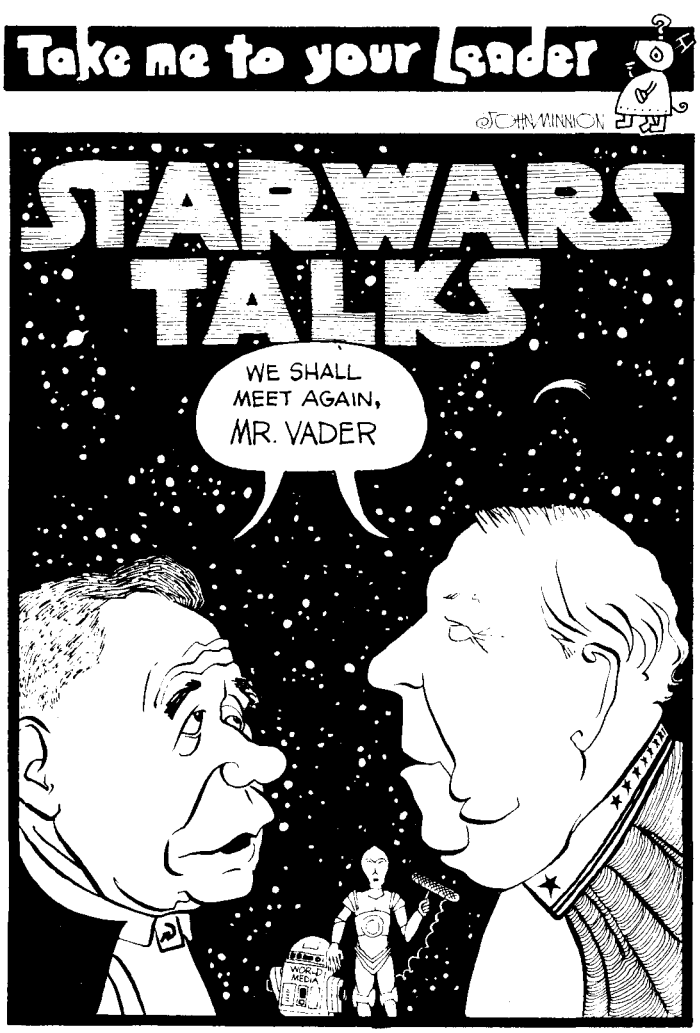
GIVING SPERM is, of course, a fundamentally different act to carrying a child on behalf of another woman. But the remark by Bishop Montefiore of the Church of England's Board of Social Responsibility, which implied that surrogate motherhood is essentially akin to prostitution, is unacceptable. It is no more 'akin to prostitution' than sex between two people who are not married for the purpose of giving the woman a child. In particular, few *moral* problems are raised by surrogate mothering as an act of love by one woman to another, though the same whole range of *legal* problems remains.

Although the Warnock report was against surrogate mothering, it did include one 'expression of dissent' which argued that the legal 'door should be left open' to cover surrogate mothering in exceptional circumstances. It did not specify what these circumstances might be, but it argued that any such arrangements should be made through the new State agency that the whole committee was recommending to deal with issues relating to the whole new field of questions relating to 'non-biological' parents. The note of dissent argued that the proposed legal changes for AID children should apply to the offspring of surrogate mothers.

With surrogate mothers, the issues are more complex of course. A man who has simply donated sperm is unlikely to have parental feelings towards the resulting child, but this may well not be true of a surrogate mother. The law could not *compel* a surrogate mother to hand over the child to which she has given birth — even in the exceptional circumstance, which is now biologically possible, that both egg and sperm came from the 'commissioning' parents. The surrogate mother's rights to her child must take precedence, in the event of any conflict. Even after handing over her child, she should have a reasonable period in which she could exercise her right to change her mind, as with a woman who hands her child over for adoption.

It is precisely because of the obvious difficulties that could arise between a surrogate mother and those who have 'commissioned' her that it is essential that the relationship should not be dominated by money and that it should be 'regulated' by a State agency and not by a commercial concern. Commissioning parents would obviously be expected to repay surrogate mothers the direct and indirect costs of carrying the child and giving birth, but the law should not allow a situation where women's bodies could be exploited for commercial gain.

Behind this whole debate runs the idea that motherhood in the context of a 'normal' marriage is a socially 'sacred' and necessary experience for women. That is nonsense. It is a biological function as well as a deeply emotional experience. Some within marriage dread it and some outside long for it. The women who can never have children should not be made to feel pariahs, as the unmarried mothers of yesterday were. Any legal changes that are now to take place must take into account all the feelings and needs of all potential 'parents' and not simply be a rushed reaction by politicians, lawyers and doctors to one human episode that has been blown out of all proportion by the media. □



Polaris must be counted in arms negotiations

THE GROMYKO-SCHULTZ 'talks about talks' in Geneva clearly went better than pessimists expected. So far so good. But what happened is still a long way from proof that we are observing the start of negotiations positively undertaken in good faith by both sides.

What has been said at and after Geneva is at least proof that both sides are aware of the pressures that they are respectively under to *appear* to be negotiating in good faith. That is an advance on 1983 and a measure of the extent to which the urgent desire to stop the lunatic arms race on earth and in space has continued to build up, despite the activities of the respective military-industrial complexes in the United States and the Soviet Union. Neither side will want in the next eighteen months to be seen internationally to have unreasonably caused the breakdown of the process that was restarted in Geneva this week.

We must now insist that the British government does not muck things up. In the last round of negotiations the Russians quite reasonably insisted that the British so-called independent nuclear deterrent should be included in the calculations about the balance of nuclear forces. Of course it should. Our Polaris submarine missiles are committed to NATO, are targetted by NATO and would be fired by NATO.

Naturally the Americans do not want to include us, even indirectly, in the very complex and delicate negotiations that take place with the Russians. These are difficult enough on a bilateral basis and would be greatly more complicated with two and a half principals. But if the Gromyko-Schultz exercise begins to make any progress in 1985, Mrs Thatcher must not be allowed to put it at risk by continuing the absurd assertion that the United Kingdom is an independent nuclear power, whose missiles must be left out of bilateral US-Soviet calculations. □

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VIDEO PIRACY BY NUM RECEIVER'S FIRM?

LEADING City accountants Arthur Young's, one of whose partners, Michael Arnold, was recently appointed receiver of the NUM, has been taken before the High Court for alleged piracy of video training films. ROS FRANEY reports

SHORTLY before Christmas accountants Arthur Young McClelland Moores agreed in court to hand over allegedly pirate copies of films after interim moves in a copyright action brought by the films' makers Video Arts — of which Pythonesque John Cleese is a director and founder member.

However, there is concern at the way both the High Court and the Court of Appeal rejected applications by Video Arts for the necessary order to search the accountants' premises without prior warning, so as to recover the evidence.

Eban Foggitt, head of contracts for Video Arts, tells the *New Statesman*: 'Video piracy is a serious problem and a difficult matter to prove. For once we had absolute evidence, in our view, that four, possibly five, pirated copies of our training films were being used by Arthur Young's.

'But when we applied to the High Court for an "Anton Piller" order — broadly, that's the civil equivalent of a search warrant — we were refused. On previous occasions, with less conclusive evidence, our applications have been granted.'

No search order

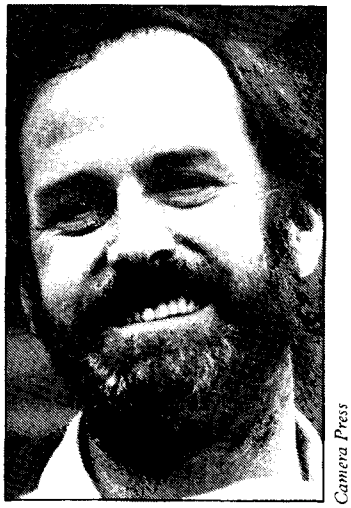
Video Arts applied to the Court of Appeal, but without success. The only explanation was that given the honourable character of the defendants, it would not be appropriate for a search and seize order to be issued. Instead, Video Arts were offered two alternatives: either they might apply for a straightforward injunction to stop Arthur Young McClelland Moores from copying their films — an option which might hypothetically have allowed the accountants to dispose of the evidence; or they might call a senior partner to court to give undertakings to hand over the pirated films and not copy any more. This they did on 17 December.

At the hearing, Arthur Young's appeared to be raising the defence that the copies were made direct from television broadcasts in 1979, but Video Arts refuse to accept this; they had a written agreement with the BBC that warnings about copyright would be broadcast before each performance.

Andrew Darnill, a partner with Arthur Young's, says that the films — which were transmitted on Sundays — had been recorded so that the company could decide whether to buy its own copies. He says it was a mistake that the recordings weren't scrubbed: 'It was silly of us to keep them,' he tells the *NS*. 'Particularly since we now produce, with Melrose Films, our own videos for accountancy training. We are as anxious as Video Arts to safeguard income from the sale of training films.'

But the worries remain. For Video Arts, this is the third case of piracy to come to light in 1984 and the firm reckons the piracy racket is costing it about £1 million a year. The business training films in which the company specialises cost £545 to buy or £100 to hire for two days, so the losses from piracy are evident.

More alarming to the general public, perhaps, is the implication that the High Court and the Court of Appeal may be tailoring their decisions according to who's on trial. ●



Camera Press

The sometime Minister for Funny Walks, John Cleese

London Labour full of holes

AN INTERNAL Labour Party report discloses weak organisation in many of the Conservative-held marginal seats in London that Labour needs to capture if it's to win the next general election.

Labour's London Regional office has listed 30 Conservative seats in London as targets for Labour at the next election. To win nationally, Labour would need to win at least 20 of these, increasing the number of Labour MPs in London from 26 to 46. (If Labour did exceptionally well and captured all 30 on the list, one of the party's scalps would be the Prime Minister's constituency of Finchley.)

However, in only 10 of the 30 seats is Labour's organisation considered above average. The regional office uses five categories: A — 'very good'; B — 'good, could be better'; C — 'average'; D — 'below average'; E — 'poor'.

Only three of the 30 constituencies are awarded 'A': Hornsey & Wood Green, Hampstead & Highgate, and Putney. 'Bs' are given to another seven parties: Westminster North, Dulwich, Lewisham West, Ilford South, Fulham, Ealing North, and Mitcham & Morden.

'Cs' are given to London's most marginal Tory seat, Edmonton, and to: Lewisham East, Woolwich, Brentford & Isleworth, Eltham, Croydon NW, Acton, Enfield North, Finchley, and Hendon.

The lowest rating, 'E', is given to London's third most marginal Tory seat, Feltham & Heston. But 'Ds' are given to another nine: Erith & Crayford, Hayes & Harlington, Bermondsey, Streatham, Kensington, Ilford North, Hendon North, and Harrow East. Of those nine 'D' parties, the first five need to succeed in electing Labour candidates to Parliament if Labour is to stand any realistic chance of winning power nationally.

Peter Kellner

Blistering row in SNP over miners' strike

THE MAJOR public row within the Scottish National Party (SNP) over support for the miners' strike looks set to bubble over again after this weekend's meeting of the party's national executive in Edinburgh.

A motion from left-wing members of the executive reaffirming the SNP's unqualified backing for the miners and either implicitly or explicitly repudiating party president Donald Stewart's recent remarks on the subject is likely to be discussed and agreed.

In an open letter published in the current edition of *Scots Independent*, an unofficial right-wing nationalist publication, Stewart says that support for the strike, which he thought would fail, was 'ill-judged'. He argues that allying with what he called the 'Fascist Left' would make the SNP 'the political equivalent of the EXIT suicide organisation'.

This has provoked four senior members of the party's executive to write to the *Scotsman* publicly rebuking Stewart for not respecting party policy. SNP policy as decided by the executive and overwhelmingly endorsed at last September's annual conference is 'full support' for the miners' struggle.

The row could lead to Stewart, one of the SNP's only two MPs, being challenged in the autumn as party president — a post he has held unopposed for the last two years. Left-wing strategists judge that by so blatantly contradicting agreed policy he has badly damaged his prestige within the party.

Rob Edwards

HILDA MURRELL MURDER

More people come forward

NO DOUBT miffed (a) because it was so late with the story, and (b) because one of its former deputy editors, Hugo Young, took it to task about its current editorial policy on this page on 2 November, the *Sunday Times* of 6 January made an extraordinary attack on JUDITH COOK. Her trail-blazing account of unexplained mysteries surrounding the murder of Hilda Murrell on 24 March 1984 appeared in the *NS* on 9 November. She (and we) carry on undisturbed:

It appears that some of the people who weren't prepared to be quoted earlier are now coming forward. Particularly relevant could be a statement by a taxi driver last March that he saw a man from a 'dark' car walk over the field to the copse where Hilda Murrell's body was found, shortly after the landowner, Ian Scott, had walked through. Scott still maintains there was nobody there when he took his walk. Local people are now saying, too, that they saw lights in that copse on the Thursday night following her death.

The police still haven't given any explanation for saying her house had been ransacked when it hadn't; nor for saying that she'd been sexually assaulted when she hadn't. Nor has there been adequate clarification yet about the case of the two boys who were charged with stealing the tax disc from Miss Murrell's car on the day she was murdered, and subsequently burnt it when they heard of her murder. Their case was heard on 18 April 1984, but there's been no explanation as to how the police discovered this, or whether the boys were questioned to find out if they knew anything that might shed light on the Murrell murder.

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Lawson accused of loose conduct with models

THE CHANCELLOR's claim in the *Sunday Times* on 30 December, as before in the House on 30 October, that workers can 'price themselves into jobs' is based on misuse of computer models of the economy, according to a group of specialists in the field. JOHN RENTOUL reports

NIGEL LAWSON claimed last October that if the average level of real wages went down 1 per cent it would create 200,000 jobs. This was based on an exercise with the Treasury's computer model.

However Warwick University Macroeconomic Modelling Bureau has fed a 1 per cent wage cut into five national models and the Treasury's produced the *lowest* job-creation effect — only 15,000 new jobs. (Only the 'monetarist' City University model produced a significant job creation effect.)

The Bureau used the public version of the Treasury's model which was made available last January. But since then, the Treasury has written a much stronger 'real wage effect' into its model — equivalent to telling the computer what result is wanted and using the result to 'prove' the proposition first thought of.

But even if the Treasury model hadn't been doctored to produce a better result, the Warwick Bureau is highly critical of this sort of exercise, which it describes as 'not credible' and 'wishful thinking'.

The exercise uses a technique known as 'exogenisation', which involves interfering directly with a result normally calculated by the computer from the figures fed into it. The method is frowned on in this instance because in the real world governments can't cut average wages by diktat — they have to resort to indirect methods, such as inducing mass unemployment. The Bureau points out: 'Unless the mechanism whereby real wages can be influenced directly is made explicit, such exercises are of little value.'

Lawson has so far only proposed one method — tax cuts — by which the government can influence wage costs. But no respectable economist (and certainly not a monetarist one) would accept that tax cuts lead to lower pay settlements because workers then don't need to demand so much money. (In 1979, eg, tax rates were cut from 33 per cent to 30 per cent, but wages still went up 3 per cent faster than inflation the next year.)

In view of the criticism of 'exogenisation', the Bureau has tried two exercises using conventional methods — changing inputs which are under the government's control. The results will not be to the Chancellor's liking.

If real wages are depressed by adding to the workforce (something not likely to happen), new jobs are created, but not as many as the Chancellor suggests. The only feasible scenario in which the relationship between wage levels and unemployment can be tested on all five models, says the Bureau, is to look at the effects of increasing public spending. In all five models a *rise* in real wages is accompanied by a *rise* in the number of jobs. ●

Models of the UK Economy and the Real Wage-Employment Debate, ESRC Macroeconomic Modelling Bureau Discussion Paper No 3, reviews the models of (from 'left' to 'right') the National Institute, London Business School, the Treasury, City University and Liverpool, and is available from the University of Warwick, Coventry CV4 7AL.

David Smith

MISCELLANY

FOck off

What the *Observer* didn't say in its otherwise mega* story about the FO's 1952 role in persuading Norway's Labour daily *Arbeiderbladet* to take on Denis Healey as London correspondent is that the footwork was even niftier than first appears. Previous London incumbent was Andy Roth, celebrated today for his *Parliamentary Profiles* (Healey: '. . . best mainstream leader Labour never had . . . beefy . . . bloodshot . . .'). In '52 Healey was a sub-zero cold warrior, who'd been Transport House's theoretician for Ernest Bevin before becoming MP for Leeds South East in February that year. Roth, sacked as correspondent in favour of Healey, was a London-based ex-US spook, who'd been attacked back home in America by Senator McCarthy for lack of enthusiasm for US foreign policy, especially in Asia. He'd been a foreign correspondent in Vietnam, China and Korea, and feared escalation of the Korean war into a US/UK war with China. Roth was thus sympathetic to the attitude of Kingsley Martin and the *New Statesman* and Nye Bevan and his supporters. It was his reports on these dissident British voices which were of particular interest to *Arbeiderbladet* — before the paper's foreign editor was over-ruled from above with help from the British Embassy.

*'Mega' (*our Political Editor's daughter writes*) is this year's answer to 'brill', which is totally out-of-date.

'Evening, all'

Our spies tell us that Metropolitan police officers put onto the 'home beat' system, under which they're supposed to get to know the community on their patch, are referred to as having been 'dedicated' to a particular beat. So now you know not to be in the faintest degree alarmed if a London policeperson says to you 'I'm into dedicated beating'.

Ghastly murders

The *Daily Universal Register (DUM)'s* gorgeous bicentennial freeby mag of Monday morning tactfully omitted to mention one or two trivial points. *viz.* the day the *DUM* first put news on the front page, 3 May 1966 (extolled on page 150) the splash story was gloriously wrong. NATO, the *DUM* proclaimed, would be moving HQ to London. Ah, never mind, that's newsbiz. But again: the block-makers were on strike in August 1968, so surely the stunning full-page photo of a Prague street on that 21 August (p.101) can't have appeared on that date, as the mag suggests. Nit-picking. But how about this: every day as he approaches his office, says present editor Charlie Douglas Home, he passes 'the portraits of all 11 previous editors' (p.166). But Roy Jenkins writes (p.22) that there have been 15 editors of the *DUM* (p.22). Is it another Kit Williams style 'golden hare' contest, in which we're encouraged to dig up Gray's Inn Rd looking for the three buried bodies?

Not airwaving but . . .

The Beeb continues to fly howling from its commitment to news and

current affairs. When Sixty Minutes *— Beeb I's only daily current affairs programme — was axed last summer and Lime Grove (Lime Grave as it's known to the rest of the BBC) was decimated, the NUJ was fobbed off by Brian Wenham, then Beeb TV's director of programmes, with the promise of two new shows. One was the David Dimbleby Sunday political talk-in, recently launched. The other was to have been a series of consumer investigative programmes by the* Watchdog *team. But its first pilot was judged 'too up-market'. Meaning what? Well, last Friday Michael Grade, Beeb I Controller, viewed the second pilot and — wonderful show, he said, but too close to what Esther Rantzen does. We'll look at it again when her 26 week run is over. Don't call us, we'll call you. Or — not airwaving, but drowning.*

Ana Gram prats (12)

Readers, you've been praised by Butt of the Year — no, we mean exquisite and learned — Capt. Bob Maxwell's *Daily Mirror* for the excellence of your anagrams (4 January). Thanks, *Mirror* team. Isn't the *Mirror* first-rate these days? Meanwhile back in the madhouse you've been contemplating Leon Brittan. John Jones of N17 has 'always though of him as an "intolerant b_____" ', while 'Anna Grammer' sees him as 'an inert blot'. From the same source, 'Let no brat in'. Using honorifics, Shirley Barber of N13 says 'to be spoken in a northern accent "T'miner ban plot" '. While Make Traks of Highgate (see last issue) says her 'last words before going clean round the twist were "Eton brat nil" '. (Actually Brittan went to Haberdasher's). How about anagrams next week for the *Daily Mirror*, oops, sorry — for the interminable John Selwyn Gummer?

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Peace Protests Roll Call (10)

Total arrested to date in UK and Eire: 6,475

Arrests to date by location

Tunbridge Wells CND, Kent
6.9.84. Two persons arrested and taken into custody for selling peace literature (which had been tolerated for 10 months). Police later later let the two men off with a warning. Mike Hutchinson and Dennis Turpin now have the stall set up on the opposite side of the road. **2**

London Trafalgar Square/House of Commons
20.11.84. 12 people arrested after successfully blockading House of Commons car park for 4/5 minutes. Bail restrictions preventing three CND members from entering Whitehall or Parliament were found to be unreasonable by a High Court judge who reduced the restrictions to not being allowed to cause wilful obstruction. The three were bailed to appear in court in Feb/March. The other nine defendants who are still subject to the original bail restrictions imposed by Marylebone Magistrates are also to appeal against the conditions. **12**

London, Whitehall
12.12.84. CND protest action on 5th anniversary of NATO decision to deploy cruise missiles in Europe. People sat down and blocked traffic while they sang peace songs by candlelight before police moved in and arrested 92. **92**

London, Australia House
3.12.84. 4 women, Jill, Leah, Zohl and Bridget arrested and held 25 hours before being released, against the wishes of the police, on £50 bail. The four have been charged with obstruction. The women had been part of a two-week-long demonstration to publicise the plight of the South Pacific people who have been suffering from the effects of nuclear war preparation for the last 40 years. A women's South Pacific Support Group was set up to raise money to enable them to bring to Britain two S. Pacific women in December. **4**

Bexhill-on-Sea, East Sussex
14.9.84. 4 Greenham women found NG of 'begging' at Bexhill Magistrates. Laura Killick, Janet Scull, Phillipa Bishop and Julia Defferary had been collecting money for Greenham Common Peace Camp. Laura Killock who has suffered victimisation and some abuse since the hearing read from the Geneva Convention to a crammed public gallery. Earlier they had given out flowers and L. Killock placed a single white rose on the magistrate's desk. **4**

Birkenhead, Cheshire
The two women arrested on 6 August for painting 'We Remember Hiroshima' signs in 3ft high letters were imprisoned on Fri 31 August. One of the women got 7 days for 'contempt of court' (refusing to give her date of birth) plus another 7 days for non-payment of a Greenham fine. The other woman was sentenced to 7 days for contempt also (refusing to stand for the magistrates and then not apologising). Two other friends were also held in the cells for alleged contempt of court.

Royal Ordnance Factory, Llanishen Cardiff
23.6.84. 9 women climbed on to the roof of the factory with balloons, banners and whistles. They were arrested and charged with obstructing a police officer. At their hearing on 12 October at Cardiff Mags all 9 were fined £20. **9**

Burtonwood USAF Base
The two women arrested at Burtonwood after conducting a religious service on the base were tried at Warrington Magistrates on 6 Sept and each fined £285. The women are appealing against this.

High Wycombe, Christmas Common
25.7.84. 3 men charged with £355 worth of criminal damage to Christmas Common microwave tower. Each had to pay one third of the damage. Two are not paying and a third person is paying fine at £3 per week.

High Wycombe, Daws Hill USAF base
18.10.84. 6 women found guilty at Wycombe magistrates on 7 Dec of causing criminal damage to the base were fined £75 each compensation. The women defended themselves, but when they cross-examined two American servicemen (witnesses for the prosecution) and asked them 'Is Daws Hill a computer control centre for cruise missiles?' the chairman of the magistrates ruled that this type of question was 'irrelevant' and that the court was not capable of dealing with international law.

11 December a Greenham Common woman was arrested and forceably photographed at Newbury Police Station by CID officers. She was dragged from the cell and her arms were pinned to her sides while someone held her head — this woman has no criminal record.

Please send new information to ***Janey Hulme*** *at the* New Statesman. *Further arrest details, for which we have no space here, will appear in later Roll Calls.*

Council scoreboard

6 December	
South Staffs DC	LAB GAIN (Lib)
Redbridge LBC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Thanet DC	IND GAIN (Con)
Thanet DC	SDP GAIN (Lab)
Glasgow DC	Lab hold
Maidstone DC	Lab hold
Reading DC	Lab hold
Thurrock DC	Lab hold
Lewisham LBC	Lab hold
Wealdon DC	Con hold
Wealdon DC	Con hold
13 December	
Cambs. CC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Braintree DC	LIB GAIN (Con)
Test Valley DC	SDP GAIN (Con)
Huntingdon DC	CON GAIN (SDP)
Strathclyde Reg	IND GAIN (SNP)
Strathclyde Reg	Lab hold
Falkirk DC	Lab hold
Sandwell MBC	Lab hold
Dundee DC	SNP hold
Eastleigh DC	Con hold
Shepway DC	Con hold
20 December	
Dudley MBC	Lab hold
North Tyneside MBC	Lab hold
South Derbyshire DC	Ind hold

Impact of GLC campaign seen in council results

LABOUR narrowly won more votes in December in council by-elections than the Conservatives or the Liberal/SDP Alliance. However, this performance reflected the pattern of seats contested rather than any recovery in Labour fortunes.

Altogether by-elections took place in 25 wards; 18 of these were three-cornered contests. But two-thirds of the 34,000 votes in these contests were cast in Labour-held wards. The votes divided as follows:

Labour	11,866	34.6%
Conservative	10,678	31.2%
Liberal/SDP	9,398	27.4%
Others	2,313	6.4%

(The high 'others' percentage results mainly from the impact of the SNP in two three-cornered contests in a slack month.)

Taking 1984 as a whole, London provided some of the most interesting results. Since the *NS* started logging council by-elections in 1981, Labour's fortunes in London have fluctuated markedly. Between the autumn of 1981 and late 1983 Labour did badly in most contests; but the start last year of the campaign to save the GLC appears to have helped both Labour and the Liberal/SDP Alliance at the expense of the Tories. Indeed, the Tories performed so badly in London last year that they came third in both seats and votes cast.

Altogether 51 borough by-elections were held in London last year, in which 141,000 people went to the polls. The votes divided as follows:

Labour	49,887	35.4%
Liberal/SDP	45,033	31.9%
Conservative	42,866	30.4%
Others	3,307	2.3%

Compared with the 1982 borough elections, these figures represent a 7 point gain by both Labour and the Alliance, and a 14 point fall in the Tory share. These were the gains and losses:

	Seats defended	Seats lost	Seats gained	Seats held now
Con	23	13	1	11
Lab	23	4	6	25
Lib	5	2	9	12
SDP	0	0	1	1
Others	0	0	2	2

Labour's single loss to the Tories occurred in Brent in January; Labour's three other losses were to the Liberals — two in Southwark and one in Tower Hamlets. Labour's six gains were: four from the Conservatives (three in Haringey, one in Brent) and two from the Liberals (one each in Lambeth and Newham). Otherwise, the main shifts were from Conservative to Liberal, with wards changing hands in Kingston, Lambeth, Redbridge (2), Richmond and Sutton. The Tories also lost wards to independent candidates in Harrow and Merton.

As the spread of gains and losses shows, the swing against the Conservatives has been London-wide, and confirms that the European Parliament elections in June, when the swing against the Conservatives in London was higher than any other region of Britain, was far from a fluke.

Peter Kellner

Special Branch flail at Irish

THE LATEST series of arrests in Liverpool and detentions under the Prevention of Terrorism Act (PTA) marks only the highlight of a growing campaign by Special Branch against Irish community organisations and activists.

In late November, one of the Irish in Britain Representation Group's leading figures, Dr Michael Maguire, a community worker with the Irish in Islington Project, was raided and held under the PTA for 13 hours, and questioned about his report in a Dublin newspaper of a Wolfe Tone folk concert in London. Special Branch officers told Dr Maguire that his coverage of the event could be interpreted as 'aiding and abetting a proscribed organisation'.

In December two Irish community projects were visited by Special Branch officers.

Kevin Toolis

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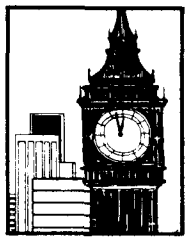

PETER KELLNER

The strange case of the rug that won't be pulled

NOT MANY PEOPLE know this — I certainly did not until I read the 14 December 1984 issue of *Socialist Action* — but those of you who read this column are privileged to follow 'the crudest, and most explicitly right wing version of . . .' — well, come on you there at the back, of what? According to *Socialist Action's* writer, of 'the *Marxism Today*/Labour Co-ordinating Committee/*New Statesman* axis'; so there. I am, you see, 'perfectly prepared to accept as necessary crushing defeats of the working class movement provided this will enable the forces of the "fundamental left" to be defeated.'

I have no special wish to boost the sales of *Socialist Action*, a Trotskyist paper that has emerged from the ashes of the International Marxist Group with only its revolutionary clichés intact; however, honesty compels me to name my companions in the dock.

They are Sarah Benton, the *NS*'s deputy editor, whose reports on the internecine warfare inside the Communist Party have warmed the hearts of all those of us who are not Communists; Peter Hain, a big wheel inside the LCC and occasional contributor to the *NS*, who is accused of wanting the far Left 'to be marginalised by the formation of a new "inside left" alliance'; Beatrix Campbell of *City Limits* and Martin Jacques of *Marxism Today*. Together we are charged with committing an affray on the Left and conspiring to create a new, electorally popular, political grouping.

I wish it were so. If Sarah, Peter, Bea, Martin and I were to sit down together with some paper, a word processor and a few bottles of decent Burgundy (the socialist's answer to claret) I am certain we could agree on a manifesto better argued, and certainly better written, than anything currently on the market. In fact, the only structured event we have all taken part in was an LCC/*Marxism Today* meeting many months ago, whose most memorable feature was a bitter row about the *Morning Star* and the Communist Party.

Still, *Socialist Action* has a point. Shifts are taking place on the Left, and the consequences of those shifts are likely to be profound. What is happening, however, is not some fantasy of manipulation consisting of us scribblers, but something more deep-seated. The real event is the long-overdue fracturing of the awkward alliance between those on the Left whose main aim was to win power and those whose main aim was to prove that real power to implement socialist policies could not be won except through revolution.

In the past that loose coalition usually had some immediate political campaign within which it could sink its differences: nuclear disarmament, or Tony Benn's bid for the deputy leadership, or Peter Tatchell's nomination for Bermondsey, or Michael Meacher's contest against Roy Hattersley, or the coal strike. Today only the coal strike remains to unite the far Left, and the unifying force of even that is growing weaker as the strike moves towards its first anniversary.

Instead, other issues have started to surface. Last year's campaign for black sections acquired an importance beyond the issue itself. For one thing it shattered the loose working relationships between *Militant*, which opposes black sections as a diversion from the class struggle, and the rest of the Left. For another, it demonstrated the importance of winning not just the argument but the votes of Labour's annual conference: almost all the big unions opposed black sections, more because the idea was seen as a 'far Left' ramp than because of its intrinsic merits. In practical terms, the supporters of black sections failed to construct the coalitions they needed within the main body of the party.

NOW, IN THE new year, two more issues have fractured the Left still further. The first has been the proposal to challenge Neil Kinnock this autumn for Labour's leadership. This idea was floated two weeks ago by James Curran, the former editor of *New Socialist*, writing in *The Times*. Curran wrote that 'Tony Benn is seriously considering whether to contest the party leadership' this year. According to Curran, 'the Left, in a significant change of tactics, is now getting ready to pull the rug from under Kinnock'.

As far as I can see, the rug has not yet budged. Last week's *Tribune*, for example, carried a front page editorial which argued that 'opposing Neil Kinnock for the party leadership would be a futile gesture which could only damage our chances of winning the next election.' And, for good measure, *Tribune*, now under new editorial control, implicitly attacked Tony Benn's pre-Christmas call for a general strike to support the miners. The editorial could not have been plainer:

> Calls for a general strike, if not irresponsible, are at best a distraction from the real issues for it is not a demand that has any basis in reality. It cannot be delivered and there are those who, knowing that, raise the demand only to be able to cry 'betrayal' when it does not happen.

To be fair, the editorial hedged itself round with all sorts of fine-sounding left-wing phrases, like calling any renewed attempt to introduce one-member-one-vote into the party as 'provocative in the extreme'. Still, *Tribune's* general message appears to have got through: nobody intending to challenge Kinnock should expect the same range of support that Benn had in 1981, or Meacher in 1983. And, sure enough, over the weekend Benn announced that he had no intention of standing for the leadership this year — a decision that saved me the task of digging out what he told Peter Jay on Channel Four's *A Week in Politics* a year ago about how Labour would fight the next election under the excellent, balanced ticket of Kinnock and Hattersley.

Whether anyone else now steps into the ring remains to be seen. Eric Heffer, who contested the leadership last time, perhaps? Or Dennis Skinner? Or even Martin Flannery? Time, as they say, will tell. Certainly Meacher won't stand.

Meacher's position brings us to the second, and more significant, of the issues that are fracturing the Left. He is one of three members of Labour's national executive who were elected on left tickets, but who are now beginning to distance themselves from the Left's line at meetings of the executive and its subcommittees. The other two are Tom Sawyer, deputy general secretary of NUPE, and David Blunkett, leader of Sheffield City Council.

Blunkett, in particular, is losing patience with the fundamentalists. On Monday he was particularly scornful of Ted Knight of Lambeth and Derek Hatton of Liverpool. They had been invited to attend Labour's local government committee to discuss tactics for fighting rate-capping. They used the occasion to assault Neil Kinnock in his absence, in particular for his new year message in *Labour Weekly*. Blunkett told them, in essence, to belt up: if that was how the Left was going to fight rate-capping, he would have no part of it.

Later on Monday Blunkett was the central figure when the organisation committee passed a resolution 'to set up a working party to produce a document setting out the principles of democratic socialism'. First he moved that this proposal be separated from any move against Militant; an anti-right coalition won this vote by nine to six. Then he was part of an anti-far-left coalition that defeated Dennis Skinner's move not to set up the working party at all.

Although disappointed by the decision on Militant, Kinnock is putting great store by the working party and hopes that its statement of the 'principles of democratic socialism' will both isolate the far Left and help give Labour a modern, popular image. Whether a working party — *any* working party — can provide anything sufficiently crisp and decisive is open to question. In due course this column will search for the answer. □

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THATCHER GOES FOR NERVE GAS

Duncan Campbell reveals the Prime Minister's secret drive for a British chemical warfare 'deterrent'

MRS THATCHER is on the point of forcing through a decision that Britain should restart production of nerve gases. Proposals for Britain to start production of nerve gas have already been put to an ultra-secret special ministerial committee, set up by Mrs Thatcher last summer. Although the committee has not yet taken any formal decisions, senior civil servants have been warned that a decision by the Prime Minister is imminent.

The *ad hoc* committee is so secret that it has not been given a formal Cabinet Office name or number. The Prime Minister has also ordered that extra-special precautions be taken to prevent information, put to the committee in a lengthy and secret briefing paper, from it leaking.

This information has been leaked to the *New Statesman*. They show that the Committee, chaired by the Prime Minister herself, met for the first time on 2 August last year. Seven selected ministers were given background information on the 'Soviet threat'. They were then given military proposals for 'Defence against CW (Chemical Weapons) attack', drawn up by Ministry of Defence (MoD) staff.

The secret committee paper suggested four options for Britain in the face of this threat — the pursuit of CW arms control agreements; the extensive provision of anti-CW protective suits; the counter-stockpiling of US nerve gas in Britain, and the proposal that Britain should acquire its own stockpile of nerve gas as a 'retaliatory capability'.

Mrs Thatcher was enthusiastically in favour of the final option. But both Defence Secretary Michael Heseltine and Foreign Secretary Sir Geoffrey Howe have consistently opposed Mrs Thatcher's enthusiasm for a new British chemical 'deterrent'. Any new steps taken by the government would destroy Britain's positive record in the chemical disarmament negotiations, which are being conducted in the United Nations Conference on Disarmament in Geneva.

Special ad hoc Cabinet committees, such as the one involved in this case, are customarily used when a Prime Minister wishes to take a sensitive policy decision in secret, without informing the Cabinet as a whole. Discussion on the supposed Soviet chemical weapons threat might normally have been expected to take place in the Cabinet's Overseas and Defence Policy Committee (ODP). Special MISC (miscellaneous) or GEN (general) Cabinet committees and sub-committees have traditionally been used by all governments to limit discusson of major controversial issues — like the development of *Chevaline* nuclear warheads and the purchase of Trident submarines, as well as the original decision by Clement Attlee as Prime Minister to manufacture a British atom bomb. Mrs Thatcher has now decided that even 'MISC' committees are dangerously leaky — hence the decision to settle policy in an ad hoc chemical weapons committee.

The secret committee, top row: Thatcher, Whitelaw, Howe, Biffen. Bottom row: Lawson, Heseltine, Brittan; plus lobbyist Sir Edwin Bramall

The key members of this CW committee are Mrs Thatcher herself, Mr Heseltine, and Sir Geoffrey Howe. Also included are Chancellor Nigel Lawson, Home Secretary Leon Brittan, Viscount Whitelaw (Leader of the House of Lords), and John Biffen, Lord Privy Seal (Leader of the House of Commons). Mr Biffen and Lord Whitelaw were included to advise the Prime Minister on the likely attitude of Tory backbenchers and peers to an announcement of chemical rearmament. Bluntly, according to one senior Defence Ministry official, she wanted them to advise her on 'can we sell this'.

MRS THATCHER was less enthusiastic about other options presented to her committee. On the first — pressing ahead with a CW treaty – MoD officials argued that, so far as Britain was concerned, the Soviet Union had no incentive to make concessions, as we presently had no chemical weapons anyway. Such a treaty would bind the Russians, therefore, to a unilateral act of disarmament. In order to give the Soviet Union an 'incentive' to sign a treaty, Britain might have to start producing chemical weapons again — in other words to 'arm for disarmament'.

The second option — to issue key industrial, government and military staff, in the UK as well as Germany, with protective 'noddy suits' and gasmasks — was strongly opposed by the Home Office, whose unconvincing civil defence proposals would be further ridiculed if

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selected individuals in Britain were seen to be getting protection against chemical attack which was not generally available to the public.

The third option was to encourage the United States to manufacture new chemical weapons and bring them to Europe. The US government has already built a new production plant, but the US Congress has consistently refused to allow funds for actual production to start. But, if US chemical weapons were actually brought to Europe, defence officials in all NATO countries fear that the cycle of protest triggered off in Europe by the arrival of US cruise missiles would be repeated.

Security officials will be irritated by this new Defence Ministry leak, since the ministerial briefing paper bears a special anti-leakage classification invented by Mrs Thatcher herself shortly before the 1983 general election. It is marked 'CMO', meaning for 'Concerned Ministers Only'. Copies should only be held in ministers' Private Offices. The paper is also classified 'Secret — UK Eyes Only "A"', which means that it should not be shown to American or Commonwealth government officials.

The CW paper is so sensitive that only seven copies are believed to exist. But three officials from different Ministries have confirmed the authenticity of the information obtained by the *New Statesman*. Both Downing Street and the Ministry of Defence have refused to comment on the contents of the paper, but No. 10 said this week that there had been no change in British government policy of chemical weapons and claimed that 'there is no reason to expect one'.

SENIOR CIVIL SERVANTS who have leaked this information are appalled that the government should even consider the risk of destroying the only successful remaining East-West arms control negotiations, on the basis of flimsy evidence of Soviet capabilities. An MoD official said this week that the Prime Minister had summoned the special August meeting in a 'hawkish' mood. Her 'gut reaction' had been that 'we must have what they have . . . she shoots a lot from her hip'. The official asserted, however, that Mrs Thatcher's instincts had not yet won out over the Foreign and Defence Secretaries' preference for diplomacy.

Although the Prime Minister's intentions were perfectly clear, he said, so far ministers 'collectively' still have 'no plan for a retaliatory capability'. The secret August meeting did not decide to abandon efforts to negotiate a chemical weapons treaty. But other senior civil servants were subsequently advised that, if rapid progress were not made at Geneva, the Prime Minister would want a decision to produce British chemical weapons to be taken within a matter of months.

Any new British chemical weapons would probably be based on American 'binary' nerve gas technology. Binary nerve gas weapons contain two relatively non-toxic chemicals which become mixed together while a bomb, missile or shell is in flight, producing the nerve gas VX. Discussions and the exchange of technical information on binary weapons between US and British scientific and military officials were instigated by the former Defence Secretary, Mr Francis Pym, in late 1980, after he had said publicly that he favoured a UK retaliatory capability. He told *The Times* that he was 'haunted' by the Soviet threat.

Mrs Thatcher's government has always been equivocal about its future policy on CW. The usual position is: 'We have (at present) no plans to acquire chemical weapons'. (In contrast, on biological weapons the government has given an unequivocal guarantee that 'in no circumstances would we consider developing, possessing or using biological weapons'.) As the details of the type of weapons (and the nerve gases which would fill them) remain to be decided, the government has not yet been required to alter its standard statement of policy.

For more than eight years, Britain has been playing a leading role in the Geneva UN Committee on Disarmament's chemical weapons. At present, the actual *use* of chemical weapons is prohibited by the 1925 Geneva Protocol, which bans the use of 'asphyxiating, poisonous or other gases'. But many signatories of the Protocol — including Britain, the USA and the USSR — have reserved the right to retaliate in kind to chemical attacks. Under the Protocol, therefore, chemical weapons can permissibly be stockpiled—for 'retaliation' only.

Both the United States and the Soviet Union have extensive stocks of such chemical weapons — some of it produced during or even before the Second World War. Britain manufactured extensive stocks during the 1940s, but these were destroyed or dumped in the Atlantic between 1952 and 1957. A nerve gas production plant at Nancekuke in Cornwall ceased operation during the 1960s, and was finally closed in 1977. In 1979, scientists and disarmament experts were invited to inspect the demolished plant as an illustration of how a new chemical weapons treaty might be enforced.

THE NEW DRIVE for British chemical weapons follows a report on the Soviet CW capability, prepared by the Cabinet Office's Joint Intelligence Committee in the spring of 1984. The JIC report claimed that the Soviet Union had stockpiled some 300,000 tonnes of chemical agents — and that the stockpile was both modern and growing.

JIC also highlighted a new Soviet technological development — a new gas which some sources refer to as a 'slippy' agent. This is believed to be able to penetrate the 'noddy suits' issued to NATO field troops. The new agent is apparently sufficiently liquid to permeate the suits' material and to creep round gas seals. Military commanders, who have been vigorously lobbying for chemical weapons for four years, fear that the new agent would lie active on the ground in contaminated areas, and seriously impede NATO military operations.

The new agent is probably a new and 'thickened' version of soman, a nerve gas invented by the Germans during World War II. Like all nerve gases, a small droplet placed on the skin is sufficient to kill. It enters the body and quickly paralyses the operation of the nervous system, resulting in violent spasms and a rapid, painful death.

The JIC report was circulated to the Cabinet and the military Chiefs of Staff, who prepared the options for a British 'response'. Mrs Thatcher then held a series of discussions at Downing Street with MoD scientific and military staff. Special intelligence briefings were arranged for the Prime Minister on chemical weaponry.

More money was allocated to research at the Porton Down Chemical Defence Establishment on chemical protective suits. The Home Office announced that it was 'actively considering' anti-CW protective measures for use in the UK. By June, Mrs Thatcher's enthusiasm for the issue had provoked a cautionary joint minute, signed by Mr Heseltine and Sir Geoffrey Howe, stressing that the government should remain 'committed' to an international CW arms control agreement.

The military chiefs of staff, led by Chief of the Defence Staff Field Marshal Sir Edwin Bramall, were however 'all for it [CW]', according to a senior Defence Ministry official. Questions designed to highlight the Joint Intelligence Committee's assessment of the Soviet 'threat' were planted in Parliament, and some of the contents of the JIC report were subsequently leaked by senior military officers to the *Sunday Times* at the end of August.

These were the opening shots in a campaign by the protagonists of chemical weaponry. In September, during the major NATO autumn exercise Lionheart, two military commanders embarrassed both Mr Heseltine and Sir Geoffrey Howe by issuing apparently un-co-ordinated demands for the creation of stocks of chemical weapons. On 19 September, the commander of the 1st British Corps in Germany, Lieutenant-General Sir Martin Farndale said: 'If you ask me as a soldier whether I should have a retaliatory capability I would say yes, I should have.' The British Army, Farndale asserted, should be able to strike back with CW, so long as the Soviet Union also had such weapons.

The next day he was backed up by NATO's Supreme Allied Commander, US General Bernard Rogers, who said that 'nerve gas shells should be produced in the United States and stored there for possible use by NATO forces in Europe'. He also called for formal CW 'release procedures' to be agreed 'so that chemical weapons could be used in war'. General Rogers has been making this demand since 1980.

The Foreign Secretary refused to comment

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on these military suggestions, while Mr Heseltine told reporters that General Farndale had been airing 'a military preoccupation' with which he did not have to agree: 'We do not simply take military judgment into account.'

ALTHOUGH THE JIC calculations are claimed to be new, in fact the *same* figure of 300,000 tonnes has appeared in British defence White Papers since 1982. Although this estimate is critical in deciding whether or not new Western moves might be desired to create a chemical weapons 'balance' (the US has a stockpile of 40-50,000 tons, some of it in Germany), the basis of the estimate is absurd. According to one of the world's leading specialists on chemical and biological warfare, Dr Julian Perry Robinson of Sussex University, the defence intelligence staff have reached this figure merely by taking the average of two widely quoted but enormously different US official estimates — of 30,000 and 700,000 tons respectively. They then converted the result from US tons into metric tonnes, and produced the figure of 300,000 tonnes, in round figures.

The Ministry of Defence this week would not deny this assertion, and refused to discuss its sources; a spokesman said that: 'We have a variety of sources for gathering information other than American figures, but I am not prepared to say whether or not we have used them.'

Ironically, although almost all sources of intelligence on the subject are American, the US government does not — even for propaganda purposes — claim to have accurately assessed the size of the Soviet stockpile. The Chairman of the US Joint Chiefs of Staff told the US Congress in 1975 that 'it is not possible with any reasonable degree of assurance to predict or estimate the size of the USSR's CW stockpile'.

Nevertheless, the British government has claimed that the Soviet stockpile is both 'massive and growing'. According to a US Special National Intelligence Estimate, produced two years ago, most US intelligence analysts believe that the Soviet stockpile is likely to be between 50,000 and 100,000 tons — only slightly larger than the American. But some of the Soviet stocks, the Pentagon acknowledges, are up to 50 years old. Dr Robinson warns that:

> Unilateral pursuit of increased military preparedness for CBW [chemical and biological warfare] may soon accelerate irreversibly, into a grotesque new arms race. The prospect then may be one of CBW weapons becoming 'conventional'; poised for use wherever and whenever military neccessities may be satisfied. □

This England

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Urging all-out opposition to the scrapping of the £1 note, Mr David Prowse told the committee the present coin was a 'nonsensical coin'. It was inconvenient to carry and confusing for the blind. It should, he said, be called the 'Thatcher' because it was 'thick, brassy and wanted to be a sovereign.' — *The Western Morning News* (L. F. Robinson)

DEFENCE TECHNOLOGY

A STOCKPILE OF IDEAS

Public money flows into new defence technology — with little spin-off for civil products. Bill Niven proposes how to liberate it

AS MINISTER of Defence Michael Heseltine scrutinises the reports his chiefs of the armed services, produced last week on their vast spending commitments, he would do well to look at an ignored area of potential savings: defence 'spin offs'.

One justification for the vast amount of public money which the defence industry absorbs on new equipment is that new defence technology has valued applications to civil life. If this is true in theory, it has not been put into practice. The Ministry of Defence has itself admitted that new developments in defence, funded by public money, are 'hoarded' by the defence contractors.

In the 1984 Defence Estimates the MoD comment is restrained:

> We are concerned, however, that technology generated in (defence) industry in this way at the taxpayer's expense should be made available for exploration more widely in non-defence fields.

The MoD (and also the Department of Industry) should be concerned. £2,100 million is being spent this year on military research and development (R and D). That represents 18 per cent of the total procurement budget and is over half of *all* government funded R and D. £1,543 million will be spent extra-murally, that is with the defence contractors, and the remainder in the government's own R and D establishment. The record shows that technological breakthroughs in defence tend to 'fall off' at a ripe old age rather than 'spin off' onto civil design boards at a time when they could help exploit a civil market opportunity.

Last summer the MoD brought together representatives of industry, financial institutions and government to probe the question of spin off. The report of the seminar quotes only two actual examples — liquid crystal displays developed for aircraft and armoured vehicles were applied to digital watches; and the development of car components from carbon fibres.

There are others, of course, but in the MoD's own words: 'the number of success stories in the field of civil exploitation is relatively few'. The Royal Signals and Radar Establishment won two Queen's Awards in 1983 for technological achievement; one for work on infra-red detectors, the other for X-ray detectors. 'Both areas have significant potential benefit in medicine and other civil work,' stated the MoD.

The question which needs asking, is how precisely this potential (and many others discovered by the defence contractors) is to be exploited. What administrative, managerial or even institutional machinery needs to be created (because none exists) to assist the transfer of technology from defence to civil application?

The National Economic Development Council commissioned Sir Ieuan Maddock, former Chief Scientist at the D of I, to identify barriers to technology-transfer in the electronics industry. His report, published in 1983, is one of the most valuable contributions to the subject of spin-off. The report found that:

> Whilst they (the defence contractors) were clearly aware that their high skills in advanced technologies could be or should be applicable to a wide range of purely civil uses, they also argued that they were not the right kind of company to do this because:
>
> - The purely civil work was of a relatively 'simple' kind that therefore was unworthy of the very high quality scientists and engineers they employed.
> - It was difficult in the civil field to get customers to define clearly what they required. If only they would do so and also pay in advance for the associated development costs the companies would be interested in undertaking the work.
> - They were likely to find themselves in head-on competition with those with a much stronger civil technology base, particularly from Japan.

Maddock later comments: 'What was striking was the distance between the attitudes of the civil and defence-oriented companies even when they existed within the same large groups. There already exists a large culture gap and it is getting even wider'.

THE INEVITABLE consequence of these corporate attitudes is that Britain's civil technology platform is now well below its defence technology platform. The civil side of most defence contractors' business has been relegated to the second division.

It would be more difficult to be critical of this if real efforts were being made by Government and the contractors to achieve greater civil benefit from military R and D. But many of the reasons they put forward for not working on civil spin-offs, simply do not stand up to examination.

On occasions there may be security reasons which inhabit civil exploitation of a military invention. There are however no legal problems. The intellectual property rights (IPR) arising from R and D work, done under contract to the MoD and paid for by the taxpayer, are generously vested in the contractor. In addition, technological developments arising from the MoD's own establishments are patented and licensed to firms to exploit for non-defence purposes.

The MoD seminar asked itself the big question:

> Was there a case for including in our contracts an obligation on those obtaining property rights under them to report on what use they had made of them, thus providing some antidote to the tendency to 'hoard' property rights rather than to use them?

No action has been taken yet on whether to impose 'an obligation to report' on the use made

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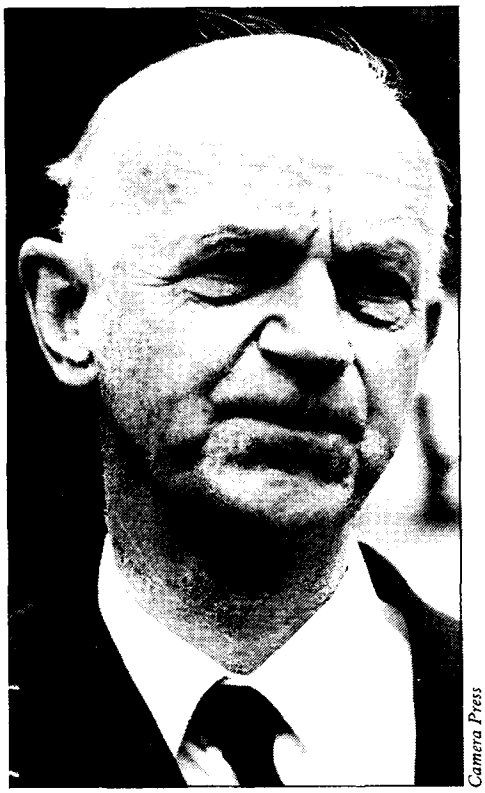

Camera Press

Scientist Sir Ieuan Maddock, critical of defence contractors' hoarding

of property rights but it seems a reasonable enough request to make. It would of course be impossible for the MoD to be any more heavy-handed, for they have given away the property rights to the contractors. But to refuse to grant the rights begs the question of who *would* exploit that new idea. Nor can there be any penalty should a real offender be found — unless the MoD were to use the moral pressure of publishing a list of 'missed opportunities' and naming the contractors. If enough competition existed for defence contracts persistent offenders could be 'struck-off'. But given that only 20 per cent (by value) of all MoD contracts were awarded following competitive tender that approach has its limitations.

The MoD itself has no facilty (or remit) to exploit a new idea for civil use but it does on occasion pass property rights to the government-financed British Technology Group, formed when this government forced a truncated National Enterprise Board to merge with the National Research Development Corporation. BTG has the remit but no facility to produce: it can only seek to interest selected firms in such inventions. If it had a decent portfolio of high-tech companies actually in the production business then the MoD would have an alternative channel for new ideas spurned by the defence contractor. The property rights arising from expensive military R and D and, (to repeat) paid for by the taxpayer, would remain the property of the taxpayer and have a better chance of providing social use.

Throughout their investigations both Maddock and the MoD place great emphasis on the need for 'Market-Pull', rather than 'Technology-Push', that is on the spur to use military technology for civil purposes coming from the demands of potential commercial exploiters, rather than from the suppliers of the technology. While this fits in well with current economic policies, where the market rules all, it is strangely at odds with the expressed views of the defence contractors. As reported by Maddock, they often turn their backs on market opportunities: 'We're the wrong kind of company', or 'It's unworthy of our skills' or 'Japan can (given exchange rates) under-price us'.

It is also at odds with the way things happen in the defence industry itself where 'Technology-Push' is the order of the day. No sooner is a new mouth-watering innovation discovered than it is thrust under the noses of the Defence Chiefs of Staff, the Procurement Executive and military strategists, compelling them to re-consider their earlier requirements. Technology-Push in defence makes the effort to create its own market rather than hang around for an effective demand to appear. But still the MoD seminar is able to conclude: 'Successful spin-off was market-led. Simply having good ideas and making them generally available would not suffice'.

To be fair to Maddock he at least argued the need for more direct Government involvement to establish a Central Public Sector Purchasing Unit which could generate a civil market of similar proportions to MoD's procurement programme (more than half of the economy is in the hands of national and local government and public sector enterprises). Massaging the market in this way could only help encourage technology-transfer.

AMONG THE BLOCKS to the transfer of technology is the structure of management in industry. Maddock found that highly autonomous structures in the civil and military subsidiaries of the same company tended to create a communications barrier. There was no deliberate policy of moving personnel between the defence and civil fields — indeed there was hostility to the idea, although some companies had set up a committee or appointed an individual to look at the availability and use of all the company's technological resources.

The setting-up of such technology transfer committees in every defence contractor's business should be made a 'condition of contract' with the MoD. These committees would be obliged to report to the Department of Industry on the use of property rights and other efforts to find a civil use for military technology.

In addition to this kind of machinery at contractor level some governmental machinery should be established. The MoD itself has said it would not be possible to divert resources into civil exploitation away from its primary task of 'defence', and claims: 'the MoD would expect the effort involved to be primarily funded and staffed from elsewhere'.

The Department of Industry has, more or less, overall responsibility for the civil sector — including the civil side of the defence contractors business. The Secretary of State for Industry has had ultimate responsibility to Parliament for that huge chunk of the defence industry which is still wholly or partly publicly-owned e.g. British Shipbuilders, Rolls-Royce, British Aerospace, British Leyland, although as privatisation proceeds, less and less of the civil side of industry will be publicly accountable in any way. Nonetheless, the Department of Industry, poorer, smaller and weaker than the MoD, must be aware that massive Government investment in defence is at the expense of civil technology. It must be aware of the lack of spin-off. It must be aware that little, if anything, is being done about it.

The DoI should consider establishing some formal co-ordinating machinery to oversee technology-transfer activity. A special Technology-Transfer Unit (responsible to the Department of Industry) could bring together people from the Department of Industry, MoD, the BTG and the defence industry. It would have overall responsibility of ensuring that every other department had a Central Purchasing Policy Unit (suggested by Maddock) and of matching that policy to available defence technology thus creating and publicising market-pull. It would monitor reports from defence contractors on what use had been made of intellectual property rights.

The White Paper on MoD restructuring, presented to Parliament last summer, creates a new single Equipment Policy Committee to replace the Defence Equipment Policy Committee and the Operational Requirements Committee. Other government departments *may be co-opted* says the White Paper. The Technology-Transfer Unit would benefit from representation on the new Committee. Such a Technology-Transfer Unit, sitting permanently, would need special staffing and funding. But it could pay off. To do nothing is to allow the civil technology platform to sink even lower. □

Bill Niven is a Visiting Fellow at the Science Policy Research Unit, University of Sussex.

THIS WEEK in

In the trenches of South Yorkshire
David Selbourne talks to both sides in the miners' battle

How other people run cities
What Paris, New York and Madrid add to the GLC debate

Why good race relations take time
Michael Banton argues that 'anti-racism' is not enough

Plus: Carmen Callil on the Left and publishing

NEWSociety

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SCOTLAND

A THIRD WORLD ECONOMY

George Kerevan and Richard Saville report on the need for a thriving coal industry

THE SCOTS coal field has effectively been dismantled over the past decade. The rundown has had little or nothing to do with the economics of mining Scottish coal. Indeed its low sulphur content, compared to coal from the new English 'super pits', should make it highly valuable as concern grows over acid rain.

Yet, while the country's total output of deep-mined coal has fallen by 25 per cent in the last ten years, in Scotland it is down by 40 per cent. Of coal now sold in Scotland, 17 per cent is imported.

Mr Ian MacGregor's plan to freeze National Coal Board capacity at 100 million tonnes a year involves closing the modern Polmaise pit near Stirling — before it ever opens, despite a recent investment programme of £15.8 million. This will take spending of some £18 million per year and 700 jobs out of the economy of Scotland's Central Region, an impact equivalent to taking the total NCB out of the UK economy as a whole. There is no economic or marketing justification for this closure. It is, on the contrary, a reflection of a deliberately imposed head office strategy of centralisation.

It is increasingly clear that the Coal Board and other nationalised industries are just as responsible for turning Scotland into a 'branch plant' economy as American multinationals, like Chrysler and Singer. The 1983 Monopolies and Mergers Commission Report on the NCB slated the performance of the NCB's Scottish area management and recommended a vigorous reorganisation, including more Area autonomy. But MacGregor has formally rejected this in favour of increased centralisation. Indeed, the special 'Scottish Area' representation on the National Coal Board itself has been terminated.

After the 1973 oil shock, every major coal producer except the UK rapidly increased its output. UK plans to increase production under the 1974 'Plan for Coal' were delayed because of the NCB management's obsession with 'super' pits in the thick seams of central England. This was at the expense of developing cheaper and quicker intermediate technology throughout the existing coal fields. For instance, the Monopolies Commission Report calculated that 60 seconds increased machine cutting time on every existing face would add 800,000 tonnes to annual output for virtually zero extra outlay. The Scottish-based mining equipment firm, Anderson Strathclyde, tried unsuccessfully to interest the NCB in new, much more reliable machines.

TO FINANCE the 'super' pits the marginal coal fields were starved of cash: 1974-82 Scotland had the lowest absolute level of investment of any NCB Area. In such a capital intensive industry, low investment produces lower than average productivity gains and provides the self-justification for closures in 'marginal' areas. Yet if NCB operating results are corrected to exclude items which are not directly attributable to producing coal, the recent performance of Scottish pits looks quite good. In 1981/82 for instance, five of the existing Scots pits which the NCB claimed were loss-making actually made operating profits.

The NCB expects at last to get 25 million tonnes of new capacity from the 'super' pits in the late 1980s. This fresh capacity comes 'on stream' in the middle of a recession and in competition with the already vastly increased coal output of other nations. The NCB's reaction has been a panic dismantling of existing capacity in order to hold overall production at 100 million tonnes.

But shedding 25 million tonnes of existing production — to match the 25 million tonnes of new output coming on stream — means taking out fully a quarter of current production. Most, if not all, of the 'marginal' fields like Scotland are threatened. The Scottish TUC has recently made public confidential Scottish Area NCB plans for 1985/86 indicating a reduction in the number of collieries from 12 to 5.

This strategy is economically irrational on two counts. First, in an industry where it takes ten years to get major new capacity on stream, reducing capacity to meet a temporary market imbalance will deny the UK access to the predicted new markets for coal in the 1990s. The Paris-based Organisation for Economic Cooperation and Development (OECD) has forecast a doubling of coal demand by the end of the century, led by EEC markets. Even the ultra cautious MacGregor has talked of a UK coal market of 125 million tonnes in the 1990s, ie precisely what the UK capacity would be without the proposed cuts.

The second irrationality is the immense social costs of closures, not just in individual pit villages but in terms of the catastrophic impact on the whole of the Scottish economy. Manufacturing employment in Scotland has fallen by 250,000 since 1971. If those on government make-work schemes are included, over 400,000 are unemployed, or close to 20 per cent of the workforce. The percentage contribution of manufacturing to Scottish gross domestic product is now little more than in India — making Scotland virtually a Third World economy, running on public sector jobs and oil exploitation.

IN THIS SEA of de-industrialisation there is little to convince even the most rabid free marketeer that resources shed from mining will be reabsorbed into the Scottish economy. The Scottish Office's own *Economic Bulletin* admits that the only major demand for employment is in part-time female jobs. The Scottish population is predicted to fall by half a million as people emigrate. In the absence of alternative employment, closing any of the existing Scottish pits will result in a net cost to the Exchequer. Taking into account continuing redundancy payments, lost tax and the knock-on effect in other industries, we calculate the net cost per redundant miner per week for the next *decade* runs from £354 at Frances colliery to £121 at Barony.

But those figures underplay the real economic shockwaves flowing from the closing of the Scottish coal field. A recent Scottish TUC report — using the newly published official input-output tables for Scotland, which measure the effect of one industry's activities on another — calculated that the knock-on effect of the NCB's existing closure programme involved the loss of altogether 24,000 Scottish jobs during the period 1981-87. The situation could get much worse given the interlocking nature of the Scottish economy, which is still heavily oriented towards the export of capital and intermediate goods.

For instance, through NCB culpability, the flooded Polkemet colliery, which supplies coking coal to Ravenscraig steel works, might not reopen after the present dispute — thus further endangering continued steel production north of the border with its additional unemployment effects. Even if the NCB imported coal for Ravenscraig, the loss of local pits like Polkemet will kill off British Rail's pit-to-user 'merry-go-round' freight trains which are BR's most profitable service. On 4 January, the West of Scotland company Babcock Power announced 350 redundancies because of a 'dramatic reduction' in power station orders for its coal boilers. (The government is encouraging the switch to nuclear-generated electricity, which accounts for half the power in the South of Scotland Electricity Board Area.)

If the NCB and other nationalised industries go on as they are Scotland will become, in Billy Connolly's words, 'a desert wi' windows'. □

George Kerevan is a senior lecturer in economics at Napier College, Edinburgh. Richard Saville lectures in modern Scottish economic history at St Andrews. They have jointly published a report on The Case for Deep-Mined Coal in Scotland *for the Scottish NUM.*

Scottish coal pits

COLLIERY	EMPLOYEES	TONNES PER WEEK	£ PER MINER PER WEEK			
			Revenue	*Savings from closure*	*Cost of closure*	*Net cost to Exchequer*
Frances	699	7,987	460	-36	318	354
Bilston Glen	1,990	17,946	376	-11	279	290
Longannet	2,936	31,387	366	37	304	267
Comrie	703	6,127	325	28	272	244
Polkemmet	1,370	7,434	270	39	243	204
Monktonhall	1,662	13,820	272	75	268	193
Killoch	1,894	9,474	235	119	272	154
Seafield	1,791	10,026	225	150	286	136
Barony	791	3,341	191	132	252	121

SOURCE: Glyn: calculations based on published NCB Colliery Operating Results for the first 29 weeks of 1983/84 prior to overtime ban.

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DO ADVERTISEMENTS SOMETIMES DISTORT THE TRUTH?

The short answer is yes, some do.

Every week hundreds of thousands of advertisements appear for the very first time.

Nearly all of them play fair with the people they are addressed to.

A handful do not. They misrepresent the products they are advertising.

As the Advertising Standards Authority it is our job to make sure these ads are identified, and stopped.

WHAT MAKES AN ADVERTISEMENT MISLEADING?

If a training course had turned a 7 stone weakling into Mr Universe the fact could be advertised because it can be proved.

But a promise to build 'you' into a 15 stone he-man would have us flexing our muscles because the promise could not always be kept.

'Makes you look younger' might be a reasonable claim for a cosmetic.

But pledging to 'take years off your life' would be an overclaim akin to a promise of eternal youth.

A garden centre's claim that its seedlings would produce 'a riot of colour in just a few days' might be quite contrary to the reality.

Such flowery prose would deserve to be pulled out by the roots.

If a brochure advertised a hotel as being '5 minutes walk to the beach', it must not require an Olympic athlete to do it in the time.

As for estate agents, if the phrase 'overlooking the river' translated to 'backing onto a ditch', there would be nothing for it but to show their ad the door.

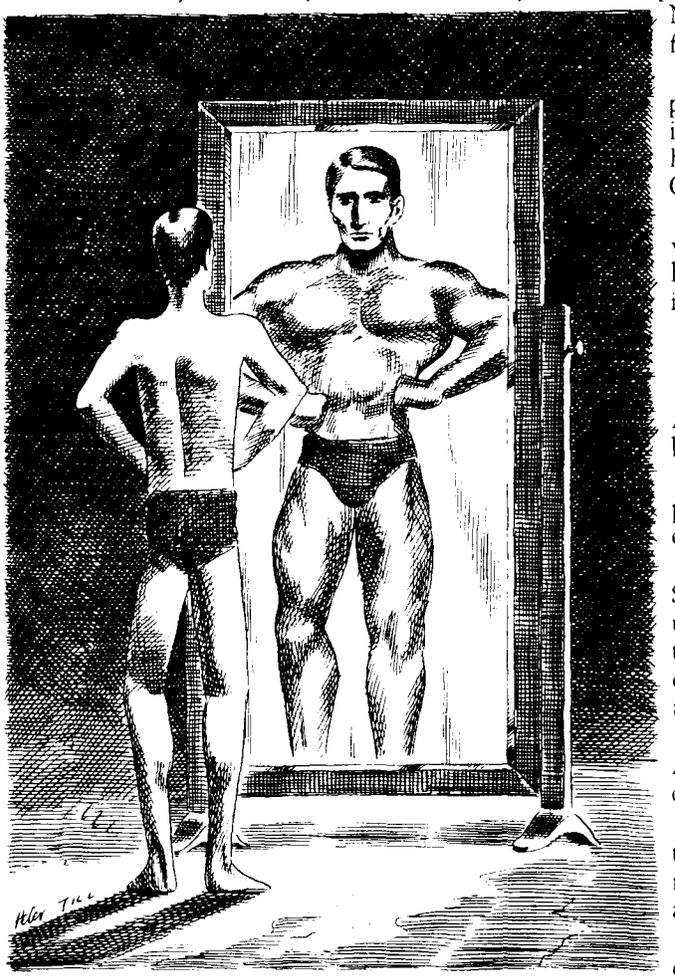
HOW DO WE JUDGE THE ADS WE LOOK INTO?

Our yardstick is The British Code of Advertising Practice.

Its 500 rules give advertisers precise practical guidance on what they can and cannot say. The rules are also a gauge for media owners to assess the acceptability of any advertising they are asked to publish.

The Code covers magazines, newspapers, cinema commercials, brochures, leaflets, posters, circulars posted to you, and now commercials on video tapes.

The ASA is not responsible for TV and radio advertising. Though the rules are very similar they are administered by the Independent Broadcasting Authority.



WHY IT'S A TWO-WAY PROCESS

Unfortunately some advertisers are unaware of the Code, and breach the rules unwittingly. Others forget, bend or deliberately ignore the rules.

That is why we keep a continuous check on advertising. But because of the sheer volume, we cannot monitor every advertiser all the time.

So we encourage the public to help by telling us about any advertisements they think ought not to have appeared. Last year over 7,500 people wrote to us.

WHAT DO WE DO TO ADVERTISERS WHO DECEIVE THE PUBLIC?

Our first step is to ask advertisers who we or the public challenge to back up their claims with solid evidence.

If they cannot, or refuse to, we ask them either to amend the ads or withdraw them completely.

Nearly all agree without any further argument.

In any case we inform the publishers, who will not knowingly accept any ad which we have decided contravenes the Code.

If the advertiser refuses to withdraw the advertisement he will find it hard if not impossible to have it published.

WHOSE INTERESTS DO WE REALLY REFLECT?

The Advertising Standards Authority was not created by law and has no legal powers.

Not unnaturally some people are sceptical about its effectiveness.

In fact the Advertising Standards Authority was set up by the advertising business to make sure the system of self control worked in the public interest.

For this to be credible, the ASA has to be totally independent of the business.

Neither the chairman nor the majority of ASA council members is allowed to have any involvement in advertising.

Though administrative costs are met by a levy on the business, no advertiser has any influence over ASA decisions.

Advertisers are aware it is as much in their own interests as it is in the public's that honesty should be seen to prevail.

If you would like to know more about the ASA and the rules it seeks to enforce you can write to us at the address below for an abridged copy of the Code.

The Advertising ✓ Standards Authority.
If an advertisement is wrong, we're here to put it right.

ASA Ltd, Dept. T, Brook House, Torrington Place, London WC1E 7HN.

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FRIENDS AND OUTSIDERS

Last month we published an article by Michael Ignatieff on the miners' strike. Among other things, it asked whether the miners' demands, language and conduct were inimical to a wider solidarity. Now Raphael Samuel takes issue with him

A TRAGIC SENSE of the distance between the self and others is the major theme of Michael Ignatieff's book, *The Needs of Strangers*, a moving account of some representations of need in literature and policitical economy. The same standpoint is apparent in 'Strangers and Comrades' (*New Statesman* 14 December 1984), Ignatieff's attempt to apply a theory of needs to the miners' strike. Both the book and the article see society as an arena of mutual estrangement and see collectivities of all kinds — 'our old attachments' — as exhausted. Only words, a new language of needs, can keep us human.

The Needs of Strangers could be described as the work of a born-again liberal, not only in its pessimistic individualism, but also in the implicit stance of the author as a disembodied self. He starts from a very strong sense of personal apartness, as a stranger observing the spectacle of suffering and escapes from this only by generalising the alienated condition. Loneliness is the perpetual condition of being. We are a society of strangers.

It is from this position that Ignatieff views the miners' strike. The central predicament is that of the detached observer, watching the strike from afar. The 'agonies of the miners' strike' are not those of the miners themselves but of metropolitan intellectuals who feel sympathetic to, yet alientated from, the miners' cause. In this case Ignatieff's search for a wider belonging seems to be met by invoking the 'national interest' (a mythopoeic category which he uses a dozen times in the article); by speaking in the name of the moral majority ('the ordinary television viewer'); and by pleading for a new public language which can incarnate trust and goodwill.

The article eloquently expresses the secret misgivings which numbers on the Left have felt about the strike and it is therefore proper that the *New Statesman* should give prominence to it. But the article could also serve as a case study of the ways in which moral panic is liable to structure perceptions of a strike; and in which a 'society of strangers' is constituted by the very forms in which Ignatieff places his faith — the electronic media. Further, in his hatred of noise and conflict, Ignatieff has adopted positions undistinguished from the Thatcher government, above all — the leitmotiv of the article — his opposition of the sectional interest of the miners to that of the 'collective good'. This is particularly clear when he invokes the old canard of the aged poor freezing by the fire. As E. P. Thompson pointed out during the 1974 miners' strike, we only hear about them in times of strike.

Ignatieff's suggestion that strikes nowadays are perceived to be 'against the public good', whereas in the past they were purely private affairs between workers and employers, is not one which a historic view of industrial relations would support. The record of moral panics — or what used to be called in the 19th century 'strange popular delusions' — shows that the miners in 1926 were accused of 'holding the nation to ransom'; the seamen of 1966 of plotting against the State; the railwaymen in 1919 of threatening the Constitution.

As a historian of penal law, Ignatieff might have remembered that 18th and 19th century labour disputes frequently involved the public authorities, with interventions by magistrates, clergy and the local state as well as, in more turbulent strikes, the yeomanry and troops; and that strikes have recurrently been treated by the courts as co-ercive. 'You cannot make a strike effective without doing more than is lawful' declared a Chief Justice in 1896.

OUTSIDE PERCEPTIONS of strikes depend not on the substantive issues at stake, nor yet on the day-by-day conduct of the strike, but rather on the symbolic categories brought to bear on them. Ignatieff, like many others, appears to have been mesmerised by the theatre of this miners' strike — the highly ritualised, short-lived clashes on the picket line which the TV cameramen seize upon and flash on the public screen — to the exclusion of everything else.

The striking miners are displaying precisely those 'old-fashioned virtues' which the Prime Minister declared it her mission to revive.

In the villages, the real heartland of the strike, an altogether quieter drama is going on, in which the communities organise their own support group and buckle down to a state of siege (on every testimony, the role of pit wives has been crucial). Huge debts pile up and the strikers and their families dispense with the elementary comforts of modern life; the night out or visit to the cinema, the home-cooked meal, the family holiday, the trip to the shops. Picketting allowances in the Yorkshire coalfield are only £1 a day. Single men get nothing from the social security and nothing from the union.

The community keeps tabs on what people are doing and the changing pattern of need. An article in the *London Review of Books* by a Grimethorpe miner gives us a glimpse of the strategies for survival:

> The art of making wine for 20p a pint and beer and lager for 10p a pint has reached professional standards. Jumble sales of nearly new clothing, footwear, baby napkins and food are held regularly. Pea and pie suppers with free lager and beer thrown in — all you can eat and drink for a pound — happen nearly every week. They help to keep morale high and to swell the funds of the women's support group parcels fund which, every week, distributes a hundred or more food parcels to the needy.

The miners and their families are displaying precisely those 'old-fashioned virtues' which the Prime Minister, once upon a time declared it her mission to revive — loyalty, discipline, service, self-sacrifice — and which, if they had been deployed against an enemy invader, would have been celebrated as examples of British 'grit'.

For an article preoccupied with language, 'Strangers and Comrades' is singularly bereft of verbal illustration. What Ignatieff offers us is not the speech of the miners themselves — though he suggests that of the leaders is 'violent and hate-filled' — but rather an echo chamber of his own thought. He does not seem to have talked to the miners, or listened to them, as they can be heard on radio; or read the trickle of on-the-spot reportage from the villages.

Nor does he seem to have read the miners' press. One vernacular which he seems deaf to is that of local patriotism, movingly illustrated by the town's meeting, widely reported, at Grimethorpe. Another is the miners' belief in their industry as a dignity and resource: 'Coal not dole', the strikers' slogan, is not class war rhetoric but a demand for job security. (Critics of nationalisation might pause on the fact that the miners are saying 'This is our industry'.) Another idiom which Ignatieff, as an editor of History Workshop Journal, might have been alerted to, is 'pillicking', the banter to which Mr Kinnock was subjected the other day on the picket line, and which is one of the subjects of Dave Douglass's History Workshop pamphlet *Pit Talk in Country Durham*.

Far from 'violent, hate-filled speeches' dominating, at the public rallies there is an almost excessive legalism, with the closest attention to the wording of agreements and a talismanic reference to the 1974 Plan for Coal. The dominant note in the rhetoric is not the Death or Glory perorations singled out for media attention, but the language of togetherness, of 'confidence' and 'standing firm'. In the pit villages, the talk is less about 'total victory' than hanging on. The imagery is local and familial, the language one of caring. As Peter Jenkins was told in South Elmhall, Yorkshire (*Guardian* 19 December 1984): 'You're fighting for your pit, for your village, for your kids and, I hope to God, for a police force that don't get out of hand.'

'STRANGERS AND Comrades' tells us that the miners are haunted by memories of 1926. That may have been true of the 1972 strike, and the analogy may be important for outsiders, but for miners themselves this is a strike about the future, not the past. It is not the memory of historic injustice which rankles but the NCB's running down of the pits, its readiness to treat the existing heritage of local skills as dispensable. Mr MacGregor, the apostle of super-pits, looms far larger in the imagination than Tonypandy.

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The spectre which Arthur Scargill conjures up when speaking is that of *the urban disaster* — and more specifically the 'helplessness' and 'hopelessness' of unemployed youth in the big city — of Liverpool in particular — of the growing army of school-leavers turned into dole fodder before their working lives have begun. The reference, insistently, is to the children's future: 'A future . . . in which the reality of life becomes worthwhile — not something to escape from on the end of a hypodermic syringe.'

The spectre which Arthur Scargill conjures up is that of the urban disaster

This miners' strike has become more about community than class. It is, or it has become, in the first place a struggle for the survival of villages. Its heartland is in places knit together by an almost private sense of the collective self. Like village radicalism in the 19th century, it is animated at the local level by an exclusive sense of belonging; a republican spirit of independence; and an assertion of total and unilateral control over the conditions of the everyday environment — whence perhaps the fierceness with which the police invasions have been repelled. The ideology, as so often in popular movements of the past, is that of *radical conservatism*, a fight to protect the known against the unknown, the familiar against the alien, the local and the human against the anonymous and the gigantic.

The miners' strike is also a regional crusade, especially in South Yorkshire and South Wales, and it may be indicative of this that the breaches in the wall of hostility have come at the regional level, for example in the representations to the bishops of the northern clergy. Even the strike breaking has a strongly regional bias; the 30 miners standing out for the strike in Leicestershire have had to take the full weight of community hostility. Plaid Cymru, the now clearly left-wing Welsh nationalist party, has recognised the regional character of the strike from the start, giving it enthusiastic support. So too in a fumbling, generous, but untheoretical way have those Labour parties who have adopted individual pit villages to support.

It is indicative of this that the Oxford City Labour Party, taking Maerdy in its care — the last pit in the Rhondda, a 'Little Moscow' of the 1920s — has raised sums of money for a single village amounting to almost a quarter of the national appeal, as well as organising children's parties and promoting exchange visits: 'almost as good as going to Oxford to address a public meeting' is how Barbara Williams of the Maerdy women's support group, described the women's picketting at Aberdare.

'STRANGERS AND Comrades' suggests that the 'electronic membrane' of radio and television has made us 'one nation' in a way that was never true in the past. The miners' strike suggests something less reassuring: that TV can serve as a distorting mirror in which we can no longer recognise the simplest things (in this case, communities struggling for survival) and that once a negative stereotype is established it is impervious to other ways of seeing. Perhaps it is the fascination of the confrontation on the picket line which has blinded the public to the realities of the strike.

To say this is not, in any simple sense, to blame the media which ritualises rather than structures the public appetite for news, especially of conflict and disaster. It is to recognise that images, however they are constituted, belong to the symbolic order and take precedence over experience and that struggles with the police, as the visible totems of public authority, are liable to crystallise existing anxieties and set off moral panic. The national focus on the picket lines rather than the villages is surely the supreme injustice which has been done to the miners' cause.

'Strangers and Comrades' raises important questions about the strike and its 'moral legitimacy'. It is not the intention of these strictures to stifle the questions but rather to suggest a different context in which they might be posed. Whatever the outcome of the strike, it has been a devastating blow to the idea of labour solidarity. With the exception of the printers, the railway workers and the seamen, there is no substantial body of organised workers who have collectively come to the miners' aid. The huge latent sympathy for the miners has not been mobilised. It is proper, and indeed urgent, for socialists to reflect on this.

But it should be possible to do so as 'comrades' rather than as 'strangers' because at a time when Thatcherism has spread right across the political spectrum it is the miners alone who have had the courage to challenge it head on.

Uniquely among British workers, the miners have refused to trade away their jobs arguing, as Arthur Scargill put it to the Labour Party conference, that they were not theirs to give away but a patrimony. It is in this spirit that men in middle age, refusing redundancy pay, have taken their place on the picket line and that younger miners, with no threat to their own job, speak of the plight of the school leaver. This may be the defence of a sectional interest; but it is also, in a much more general way, about who is to control the living environment, remote and invisible powers or, in some small way, ourselves. □

The fee for this article is going to Hatley Main Women's Support Group, c/o Maureen Douglass, 16 Abbeyfield Rd, Dunscroft, Doncaster, for others who would like to help.

What can the Kingsway Project offer women in London?

A series of consultative meetings have been arranged by the GLC Women's Committee to discuss the development of the Kingsway Project, a multi-purpose women's resource centre in Central London.

The following meetings will take place at:

6.30 p.m.
Kingsway Project
70 Great Queen Street
London WC2 (NEAREST TUBE HOLBORN)

Tuesday 15 January
What type of women's health resource can the Kingsway Project offer?

Thursday 31 January
How can the Kingsway Project develop resources relevant to lesbians?

Tuesday 26 February
How can the Kingsway Project develop resources relevant to older women?

Childcare available.
Sorry no wheelchair access due to building works.

For information on travelling allowances for women with disabilities, and babysitting and dependants allowances for women with caring responsibilities, ring **831 6946.**

GLC
Working for Women in London

461

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CRIME IS A CLASS ISSUE

A new survey on Merseyside by Richard Kinsey and Jock Young shows that the working-class poor suffer most from crime and fear it most. The authors ask why only the Tories seem to speak for them

IN FEBRUARY 1984, we were commissioned by the Merseyside Metropolitan Council to conduct a survey of crime and policing within the county. Costing £94,000, it was the first major local survey of its kind in this country. Over 3,500 people were interviewed out of the total population of 1.5 million. The first results present a particularly bleak picture of the problem of crime for working-class people.

There is still a strong belief across the Left that the problem of crime is much exaggerated and that indeed the fear of crime — generated by the media and the police — is more of a problem than crime itself. It is an attitude now shared and encouraged by the Home Office. Thus the British Crime Survey (HMSO, 1983) points out that the 'statistically average person' is likely to be mugged only 'once every five centuries', burgled 'once in 40 years' and assaulted and 'injured however slightly, once every hundred years'. The risks, we are told, 'of these fairly serious crimes are small ones'.

As became clear at the last Labour Party Conference, this attitude — fuelled by the policing of the miners strike — is very readily translated into demands for protection from the *police*, while the equal need for effective protection from *crime* is ignored. At the same time it sits very easily alongside the uncertain but common belief — especially within the Parliamentary Labour Party — that questions of law and order are dangerously 'divisive' within and between working-class constituencies, which are tacitly stereotyped as being either aggressively anti-police or 'unfortunately' reactionary, pro-capital punishment and hard-line.

In a field bedevilled with such assumptions and assertions and precious few facts, the Merseyside survey asked who suffers most from different household and personal crimes, who are the most worried about such offences, who are the most vulnerable, and what people want from the police.

ACROSS MERSEYSIDE, crime is seen to be the third biggest social problem in the county — only unemployment and the lack of facilities for children and young people are more pressing. Thus 35 per cent of people see crime as a 'big problem in their area' — ahead of housing (17 per cent), schools (4 per cent) and race relations (1 per cent). In inner-city areas in Liverpool and Birkenhead crime moves into second place, outranked only by unemployment.

It is too easy to attribute such anxieties to moral panics set in train by the hysterical over-reaction of the propertied middle classes and generated by a sympathetic media. Far from it: the more likely you are to be a victim of crime, the more worried you are about it — and the more worried, the poorer and more vulnerable you actually are. In the outlying wealthy suburbs, such as Ainsdale and Birkdale, about one third of the population have actually been victims of personal or household crimes as compared to half the population of the inner-city areas. There is an even larger difference in the anxiety caused by crime: only 13 per cent of those in affluent areas see crime as a major problem, compared with a peak 66 per cent in parts of inner-city Liverpool.

Crime is far from a rare event: a full 44 per cent of people interviewed in Merseyside were victims of crime in the last 12 months and a quarter had been victims on two or more occasions. Further, the incidence of crime varies with wealth — for example, in inner-city Liverpool 45 per cent of the population had been victims of burglary or attempted burglary compared to only 3 per cent in the more wealthy areas. Furthermore multiple victimisation is twice as high in the inner city as in the affluent suburbs.

The poor not only suffer crime more often, the impact is much more severe. One third of those living in the poorest council estates described the impact of crimes they had suffered as 'very big', compared to only one in ten in the affluent areas.

Those most intimidated by the fear of crime have been women. It is sometimes suggested that such fears are 'irrational' as women run less risk of victimisation than men. In terms of the Merseyside results, this is not so. The actual chances of being a victim of crime are almost the same for men and women alike. It is true that men under 30 are more likely to be victims of crime, mainly because of the high level of violence between young men. Otherwise, women and men are equally likely to be victims of crime, despite the fact that women take much more elaborate precautions against crime than men.

But on top of recognised crimes women suffer sexual and general harassment on the street to a much greater extent than men. In some parts of inner Liverpool, for example, half of all women under 50 interviewed said that they had been 'upset' by such incidents in the last year. To these findings we should add that, as the British Crime Survey showed, women are particularly vulnerable to certain types of crime, such as bag-snatching. Also rates of domestic violence and serious sexual assault are considerably greater than most survey techniques can pick up because of the embarrassment and, in some

* Copies of the first report of the Merseyside Crime Survey are available without charge from the Police Committee Support Unit, Metropolitan House, Old Hall Street, Liverpool L69 3EL.

POOR LAW TODAY

DOSS HOUSES in London, Glasgow, Manchester, Liverpool and other major cities are, it seems, to be 'privatised' by the Department of Health in the spring of 1985. With a government like this something, after all, must follow 1984.

Mark Panto, of the Society of Civil and Public Servants, has disclosed that the social security minister, Mr Newton, plans to ask private charities to take over the centres for Single Homeless People, or 'doss' houses. If these charities can't or won't, Mr Newton will ask them to find 'alternative accommodation' as it's airily called, for the evicted homeless people. What such accommodation might prove to be, other than the cardboard box, park bench or mortuary, is not laid down. What is clear is that some day in the new year, if Mr Newton is allowed to proceed, 384 years of legal provision by the English State on behalf of its poorest and weakest members will have been brought to an end.

In 1601, after the Reformation had poured enough public treasure into private hands to make today's theft of British Telecom look, by comparison, like a minor snatch-and-grab, 'Old Betsy's' Poor Law was enacted to make some restitution of land and resources held or used in common since the time of Alfred the Great.

It is seen by some as a foundation stone of the modern State and Elizabeth's Poor Law, grounded on earlier English statutes, has since that date been placed at the heart of our social law. If affirms a reciprocity between citizen and State. Allegiance is given to the State, only because protection is claimed from it. In exchange for the State's protection against extreme need, the citizen offers the State his services, and obedience to its laws.

All this is now being blown away. The homeless man or woman is no longer to be a citizen in their own city. She and he can no longer turn, even in an extremity of need, to State or Parliament, to demand the protection of their lives. In whatever distress, of hunger, cold, sickness or solitude, the Single Homeless Person is now to be 'de-socialised'. This will now be Department of Health policy.

This person, already single and homeless, is to be further 'privatised'. Stripped of the immemorial statutory right to a decent provision of food and shelter, this person is now to be instructed by Mrs Thatcher's Iron State to plead for life at the door of a private charity; or be free, alternatively, to choose one of many different ways of dying.

England has known few comparable barbarities since 1834. The hated Poor Law Amendment Bill of that year, carried in triumph by the 'Reform' parliament against the resistance only of Hunt, Cobbett, Fielden and a handful of Radical and Irish members, was barbarous enough. But the Act nevertheless drew the line at advising those without home, work or food to look for private charity, or starve. This is the line Margaret Thatcher's government, in defiance equally of English statutory law and every norm of civic justice, now intends to overstep.

Denis Knight

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instances, the fear occasioned by the interview.

IF WE LOOK at the impact of crime on people's lives the survey reveals the extraordinary effects upon the daily lives of the most vulnerable groups. One in five of all respondents said that they *always* avoided going out after dark for fear of crime. In the poorer council estates this rises to a quarter. It reaches a peak in areas of the inner city where one in three said they 'always', and a further 15 per cent said they 'often' did not go out at night, while 38 per cent reported that they felt unsafe in their own homes.

Such results show the reality of crime and the depth of its effects. In many inner-city areas and on the outer council estates substantial sections of the population — women especially — are living under a virtual curfew. Belief that women going out alone at night were at risk ranged from 14 per cent of all people interviewed in Ainsdale and Birkdale to 76 per cent in inner-city Granby. That this should be ignored by the Left is a disgrace forged of dogma and short-sightedness. Dogma because of an instinctive aversion to what has come to be seen as a 'Tory issue'; myopia because the majority of those who write, work and make decisions in this area are, like us, white, middle-aged, middle-class and male — and relatively untouched by crime.

It should not be a surprise that most people interviewed — including young working-class males — were strongly in favour of greater provision for policing. A vast majority — as many as 90 per cent in inner-city areas — wanted to see more officers on foot patrol. However, they were also very clear about what they wanted the police to be doing. There were three outstanding priorities: the provision of an immediate response to emergencies (90 per cent), crime investigation (80 per cent), followed by the maintenance of a deterrent presence on the streets (74 per cent), compared to crowd control (28 per cent) or traffic control (20 per cent).

But are the police meeting these priorities? Are they giving value for money? We now know, for example, that the massive expenditure on computer technology and intelligence systems has not resulted in better clear-up rates. We now know just how inefficient the police are: in 1983 — Commissioner Newman's 'year of achievement' — the number of crimes cleared up per Metropolitan officer fell to four per year, at the staggering cost of £5,578 per crime cleared up. What are the police doing with their time and our money? Are separate Criminal Investigation Departments, Traffic Divisions, Special Patrol Groups, etc, cost effective? Might we not think about their abolition, thus releasing officers for uniform patrol work and investigation of specific offences, such as burglary, which at the moment are frequently 'written off' as soon as they are reported.

At present such suggestions are readily dismissed. The police insist upon an exclusive right to set the agenda. Their lack of accountability and, critically, the failure of Labour to take crime and policing seriously has resulted in a shameful under-estimation of the extent of crime as a social problem, especially among those constituencies — women, the poor, the unemployed — which above all Labour must look to and fight for. □

Not the age of *The Times*

Hugh Stephenson

SPEAKING PERSONALLY I could watch and read stuff about *The Times* until the cows come home. (I need to declare a direct interest, having spent half my working life on the paper, having thought that Rupert Murdoch was a totally unsuitable proprietor for it, having worked quite hard for an alternative kind of ownership and having left when he bought it.)

Less avid *Times* watchers may have had their fill of the paper's professionally exploited 200th anniversary celebrations: in ten days we've already had two television documentaries (BBC2, 29 December; Thames TV, 2 January), countless feature articles and acres of self-publicity, including a very glossy 168-page give away full of top people's ads (with words by John Mortimer and portraits by Lord Snowdon). Now 200 years is a long time and, as newspapers go, *The Times* has had a more than usually interesting history. But this degree of media attention can only be explained by the notion that *The Times* is somehow a 'national institution'. No other paper would be similarly treated.

The common conclusion, though, of most of the outside comment has been that *The Times* is in fact no longer a national institution. The BBC indeed turned down the idea of an anniversary programme, when *The Times* first proposed it last year. So the paper turned instead to Thames, giving them exclusive access to the building, proprietor, editor and staff. The BBC's nerve cracked late in the day and its programme was cobbled together in a hurry.

Inevitably, as a result, the Thames programme had more texture. In particular it gave us a revealing picture of the Murdoch regime at what used to be called New Printing House Square — until that symbolic link with the paper's past was symbolically abolished. Linked, the two programmes had a common theme: for a great part of its history *The Times* was a paternalistically run national institution, functioning and recognised as the house organ of the British Establishment; today it is 'just another newspaper'.

One of Murdoch's few redeeming features as a newspaper proprietor is his evident antipodean contempt for that British Establishment that cold shouldered and disapproved of him for years, but then did nothing to stop its house organ being sold to him. Ironically, if Murdoch succeeds in the end in running it successfully as 'just another newspaper', i.e. making it profitable, there will be no call to make similar anniversary programmes for 1 January 2085.

Neither programme, however, went on to ask the question whether the commercial strategy that Murdoch is following makes sense. In many ways it is an uncanny rerun of the strategy that the previous Thomson regime tried, when they got *The Times* in 1967: low cover price, heavy promotion, extra circulation at almost any price, open the paper up, more human interest stories. This time, to be sure, some extras have been added. Newspaper bingo has been invented in the meanwhile and Murdoch quite rightly saw that *Times* readers like playing bingo quite as much as anyone else. The drive down-market has been much more professionally thorough this time. And, as Charles Douglas-Home stated openly to Thames, the political line of the paper was swung firmly to the right.

As a circulation drive, last time round was a great success — the figures were pushed up until they were within spitting distance of 500,000. As a commercial policy, it was a disaster — because the bulk of the revenue on *The Times* does not come from circulation sales, but from advertising. On the editorial side, the policy led to the now celebrated mutiny in July 1970 of virtually all the senior journalists on the paper, demanding a return to 'proper *Times* standards'. Prominent among the Young Turks that day was one Charles Douglas-Home. The implication of the mutiny was that the right aim for *The Times* was to be a serious, up-market, low cost, high cover price, relatively low circulation paper. As the same C. Douglas-Home said to Thames: 'That is not the policy now'.

To be fair, in 1970 the option of allowing *The Times* to fall back to its traditional role as the Establishment's newspaper was available and, until the management embarked on the disastrous tactics that led to the year-long £40 million lockout in 1978-9, even looked almost viable. But today what was then left of an Establishment 'consensus' looking for its newspaper has almost entirely disintegrated under the batterings of economic failure and Thatcherism. The year off the streets also served to make people realise that the things they really missed about *The Times* were its quirky features — letters, law reports, obits, crossword. They didn't miss its *news*, which wasn't particularly good. In most respects the *Daily Telegraph*, the *Guardian* and the *Financial Times* were better *news*papers.

The real tragedy of the Murdoch/*Times* story lies in the fact that *he* is indeed forced to go for circulation at any cost. It is not just that, as a newspaper tycoon, it's the only trick he knows. The fact is that *because* he is Murdoch and *The Times* remains part of a traditional big, bold, bad newspaper empire, it is locked into Fleet Street's ways and ludicrously high cost structure. The low cost, lower circulation option is not available to him. But whether there is room for two *Daily Telegraphs* is very doubtful. □

Hugh Stephenson edited The Times Business News *from 1971 to 1981.*

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DIARY

John Pilger

Alice Springs

The spine of the Australian Outback is the 'track' from Darwin in the north to Adelaide in the south, by way of Alice Springs in the 'red centre'. About a thousand miles from Alice and, according to a lone billboard, 280 miles to 'your next cold beer', the landscape is unlike anywhere else I have seen; great ant hills rise like warts on the earth's exposed crust and ghost gums cluster in petrified forests with fine sand, coloured ash white and ochre, shifting among them like mist. It is early morning and already 100 degrees. Approaching the town of Katherine, a 'road train' hauling three wagons brakes in a detonation of dust; beyond there is a man wearing long white socks and carrying a yellow plastic rubbish bin. He is picking up wrappers and cigarette ends and gum leaves by gloved hand. Katherine is many times a 'Top End Tidy Town' winner.

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Katherine is also more than 60 per cent black, although you are not aware of this unless you turn right at the man with the yellow bin and go a few miles into the bush to a camp of the Walpiri people, run by Katherine council, which is all white. There are corrugated iron 'houses,' like large kennels, in which the occupants broil, and infants with flies on their eyes and ear infections, and a system of drainage and plumbing which mocks the term 'running water', not to mention 'tidy town'.

This is not easily explained. In recent years much of Australian democracy has left Britain's beleaguered version behind: a freedom of information act, human rights legislation, extended social security, 'family courts', consumer protection and strictly non-racial immigration laws, to name only a few examples. Almost everything seems to be debated in public, from organised crime to the drug addiction of Bob Hawke's offspring. The exceptions are the Aborigines, the embodiment of the classic underdogs who qualify under the terms of the most potent Australian myth for 'a fair go'. But no; the First Australians rated just one paragraph in Hawke's pre-election policy speech and one word in the 90 minute TV debate that followed. They are Australia's most guarded secret.

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Of course the greatest island and most ancient continent is itself a secret place with a secret past. The other day I went back to Patonga, a speck on the great Hawkesbury river north of Sydney, where during the 1930s depression my father and a friend built a house on the beach: what Australians used to call a 'weekender'. For £7 he had picked up an old Sydney racing stable, from which they built the house in just three weeks: a feat, as it then was not possible to travel overland to Patonga and the stable had to be sent by steamer and dragged piece by piece by a horse along the beach. The 'frontier', even then, was that close and the silence almost total. And it still is.

A unique people, the Dhurag, had lived all around Patonga, which was a principal battlefield in their epic war of resistance. For 22 years in the early 1800s they inflicted on the British a casualty rate greater than that sustained by the Australian armed forces during all of World War Two. Finally, outnumbered and without guns, they went down fighting to the last man, woman and child: an entire nation. I who grew up there knew nothing about this, or them; nor did others. I sometimes think how ironic it is that in a land of many cenotaphs and war memorials, on which invariably is written 'Lest We Forget', not one stands for those who fought and fell in their own country.

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Sixteen years ago Charlie Perkins and I crashed an old Ford into a large wire gate and illegally entered an Aboriginal 'reserve' near Alice Springs. Perkins, the first Aborigine to complete a university education, had led the 'freedom rides' to country towns in the 1960s; and these and other events had led to an historic referendum in which 90 per cent of the Australian electorate voted 'Yes' to giving the Aborigines equal rights as citizens. Since then Aborigines have ceased to see themselves as mere victims. They have produced courageous leaders and eloquent protagonists, and they have achieved some justice, some land and much pride.

At present they are preparing to fight an anticipated revision of a 1976 federal Act of Parliament which gave them right of claim to certain Crown lands, former reserves and sacred sites. The Act was conceived during the Whitlam years when Aborigines were fashionable. During the Hawke years they are an embarrassment once again. The government is for the umpteenth time 'consulting with all interested parties', notably the mining companies. An official document leaked before Christmas shows the ascendancy of the mining companies and their political patrons in Western Australia over past pronouncements of unswerving 'principles'. As pungent as a backyard barbie, betrayal is in the air again; and black Australians may well have one of their most difficult struggles coming: against an administration of 'pragmatists' and 'economic managers' who are about as far removed from the other side of the frontier, from the true riches of Australia, as it is possible to be.

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It is said that Bob Hawke's dream is to preside over the 1988 bicentenary of white settlement in Australia. Along with the original inhabitants, Professor Fred Hollows dismisses such 'celebration' as a time of mourning. Hollows is an extraordinary man who has restored and saved many Aboriginal lives with his anti-trachoma programmes in the Outback and has fought officialdom and the Queensland government. He believes that Aborigines should accept nothing less than 'self-determination' by 1988 and that 'a hell of a lot of whites would stand with them, given the chance'.

Whether or not this is a romantic view I don't know; I suspect it is not. In the recent federal elections a deep seam of youthful idealism was tapped in Australia, contrary to trends of resurgent 'conservative' youth elsewhere and in defiance of Hawke's visionless and image-concentrated politics. Having for so long been persuaded that his 'charisma' embodied the good fortunes of Australia, Hawke missed the real point that his deference to big business/big unions and to the military policies of President Reagan was profoundly at odds with a national yearning and confidence very different from the love-it-or-leave-it spirit of Reaganism. One in 14 Australians gave their first preference vote in the Senate to the Nuclear Disarmament Party, which had gathered itself together in less than three weeks; many other Labor supporters deliberately spoiled their ballots. Indeed, had the Labor Party campaigned on a clear policy of nuclear disarmament it would have won the Senate and become the first Labor government for a generation to control both Houses of Parliament. Neil Kinnock may wish to take note.

ROGER WODDIS

Womb to let

'Even the most hard-headed advocates of private enterprise blanch at surrogate parenting being allowed free rein.' — a solicitor in the Guardian

Not so, not so, learned lawyer;
Privateers do not turn pale
At the thought of helpless humans
Being offered up for sale.

Only a militant hardliner,
Nurtured in a narrow creed,
Could object to needy women
Welcoming a stranger's seed.

Oh, the curse of moralisers!
Profit, red in tooth and claw,
Swollen to its true proportion,
Rigid stands above the law.

Health and homes and Christian missiles
Have their price, like schools and scabs;
What is wrong with tiny babies
Also being up for grabs?

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Both photos: AP

THAT TURBULENT PRIEST

The trial of the secret police officers accused of murdering Solidarity priest Jerzy Popieluszko is being shown on Polish State television. Tony Paterson looks at reactions — official and unofficial

Warsaw

IN THE tree-lined Warsaw residential area of Zoliborz stands a white stone church where murdered Solidarity priest Jerzy Popieluszko once preached. The building has become a sort of shrine dedicated to Solidarity. Railings surrounding it are still draped with dozens of illegal but familiar red and white *Solidarnosc* banners, but these are now turned inwards to face the church apparently so as not to provoke the authorities unduly. Similarly the priest's grave, just inside the church precinct, remains covered in wreaths and flanked by dozens of flickering candles. The site attracts busloads of Catholic faithful ranging from pensioners to children on school outgoings and Sunday masses are so crowded that most of the congregation is forced to participate from the street.

It seems almost inevitable that Popieluszko, or Father Jerzy as he is affectionately known, will become Poland's first Solidarity saint, providing the Vatican agrees. That would make him a successor to the famous wartime Polish priest and concentration camp victim, Maximilian Kolbe. Unlike Kolbe, Popieluszko will not be remembered as a victim of Fascist oppression. His followers have hung a rather garish picture of him inside the church. It shows Father Jerzy, which translates into English as George, astride a horse with lance in hand furiously slaying a 'red' dragon.

Attention is now focused on the trial of the secret police captain and two lieutenants who have confessed to abducting and murdering Popieluszko and their co-accused, an Interior Ministry departmental head who is charged with setting up the crime. The captain, Grzegorz Piotrowski and Lieutenant Leszek Pekala remain stony-faced during proceedings in the hopelessly crowded courtroom in Torun, the 13th century city on the banks of the Vistula river near the scene of the murder. However, the sight of their accomplice, Lieutenant Waldemar Chmielewski is pitiful; he has cracked under the strain. The face of this hulking mustachioed policeman constantly twitches uncontrollably and he frequently bursts into tears and mumbles as he gives evidence.

All four face minimum jail terms of eight years and a maximum sentence of death by hanging, but it is unlikely that any of them will actually be executed. Possibly Piotrowski, who is seen as the ringleader, will be sentenced to death but such a ruling can be commuted to life on appeal. The Pope set a precedent in such cases when he publicly forgave his would-be assassin Mehmet Ali Agca. The Catholic Church in Poland, which has been watching every move by the authorities over the affair, may well follow suit and appeal for clemency for Popieluszko's killers if they receive death sentences.

Father Jerzy Popieluszko (above) and Grzegorz Piotrowski (inset), who is accused of leading his killers

THE STATE was obliged to put policemen on trial last year when the schoolboy son of a Solidarity activist died after being held in police custody. That trial reached the conclusion that no one was directly responsible for the boy's death. One police officer was given a jail term for his involvement but he was freed under an official amnesty within a matter of months. This time there is little doubt as to who were the direct perpetrators but apart from the fourth accused, Interior Ministry departmental head Colonel Adam Pietruszka who is charged with complicity, and a suspended — but as yet uncharged — police general nobody knows who was behind the plot. Much attention is being given to the trial by the State-controlled

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television and newspapers which often print page-long reports of the proceedings. But as it has not been revealed how far the rot extends into the Polish Interior Ministry and indeed the entire system, it is difficult to avoid the conclusion that the carefully controlled coverage of the trial may be simply a sop to public opinion. In the end the blame may well be limited to the four now on trial. Whether that will be sufficient to satisfy the hundreds that queue up daily to buy papers containing reports of the proceedings is unlikely.

IT WOULD also be a mistake to view the trial, which by Eastern European standards is unprecedented, as a development that signals a new era of tolerance and liberalism in Poland. Given the number of unexplained deaths of Solidarity activists and rash of reports of police brutality following Popieluszko's murder, it is clear that corruption and criminal behaviour is widespread in official circles. The authorities have so far banned a total of 12 human rights watchdog groups set up to monitor police violence. The government has ruled that they are organisations aimed at undermining the State and recently warned Western correspondents not to attend any press conferences given by the groups.

Shortly after the Reagan Administration agreed to lift its ban on Poland's membership of the International Monetary Fund in response to the release from jail of two underground Solidarity activists, the authorities locked up leading Gdansk Solidarity activist Andrzej Gwiazda for three months for going on a pro-union demonstration. The government makes no secret of the fact that it will never again permit any form of trade union pluralism in Poland, let alone a resurgence of Solidarity. Instead it has thrown its weight behind new five million member pro-party trade unions (Solidarity had 9.5 million members) which are designed as a replacement. Needless to say the new unions' objective ties in nicely with the government's 'normalisation' drive. It was summed up in three words by Leninist union boss Alfred Miodowicz at the organisation's first conference in November — 'socialism without deformities'.

Meanwhile, a film running in Warsaw neatly demonstrates today's officially preferred view of recent Polish history. It's called *Dignity* and tells the story of a dedicated pro-party worker betrayed by members of his family who reject his views and join Solidarity during 1980. There are no queues to get in to performances. □

THE SECRET DOCTRINE

There is a tradition of an Ancient Wisdom relevant, however, to any age and people. It tells of the eternal verities of existence, of Universal processes and laws which are of the nature of Nature herself — of whom we are all part.

This must be of interest to real thinkers . . .

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WISHING FOR A FALLEN STAR

Jonathan Mirsky on 'making' news about Peking; how the West got it wrong and the Chinese had the last laugh

'WHEN IT COMES to world history . . . the big story of 1984 was surely the rejection of Marx-Leninism and the embrace of capitalism by the government of a billion Chinese.' That was the judgment of William Safire, political columnist of the *New York Times* on 11 December.

It would indeed have been a terrific story. The only problem is that it didn't happen. Safire is not alone in believing that his mistake is 'fact'. The newsrooms of the BBC also thought that China had kicked the faith, so millions of its domestic listeners, and watchers — and many more millions abroad — now believe it too. So do the leader writers of the *New York Times*, another of its political writers, Flora Lewis, the *Guardian*'s Ian Aitken, almost Alistair Cook — and almost me.

As far as I can determine, it was a 7 December story on the UPI wire service to the BBC that started the misunderstanding, at least in the UK. By late morning, the BBC's newsrooms were referring to 'the unprecedented announcement from Peking that Marx-Leninism is obsolete'; and bolstering confidence in the story by adding that 'one of our correspondents, recently returned from Peking, says that if the announcement is true it is a remarkable acknowledgement of Marx-Leninism's lack of relevance'.

From 6pm to midnight, the BBC's man in Hong Kong was quoted repeatedly on the 'unprecedented front-page editorial in the *Peoples Daily*, which declared that the theses of Marx-Leninism were no longer useful . . . and gave equally short shrift to other thinkers in Communist thought'. Like most others at the BBC, the Hong Kong man had not read the actual article, although he might have, had he known Chinese.

The text of the *Peoples Daily* article was in fact plain enough. Marx-Leninism should be studied continuously, it said, 'but we should not cling to some individual phrases or some concrete theses'. Marx died 101 years ago, so some of his ideas, like those of Lenin, are not appropriate for current conditions. 'We cannot demand that the works of Marx and Lenin of that time solve our problems now.' This last sentence was yanked from its context by the UPI and subsequent commentators, making it sound like a total recantation.

On that morning, 7 December, the BBC External Services newsroom asked a senior producer in the Far Eastern Service to write a commentary on the UPI tape. An experienced China-watcher, the producer demurred and counselled caution. The newsroom then asked the 'recently returned' Peking reporter for his advice, and broadcast the story anyway. I heard it at about noon and rang the *Observer*, for which I had just drafted a leader on Hong Kong. I inserted a clause something like 'now that China has abandoned Marxism'.

Two hours later, I telephoned the producer at the BBC Far Eastern Service, who by then had a summary of the original Chinese article from the BBC's totally reliable Monitoring Service at Caversham. We agreed there had been no recantation, but only a Party directive not to treat Marx-Leninism like a blue-print. I rang the *Observer* again, and extracted my erroneous clause.

For most of Friday the BBC continued to pump out the wrong story. Both the Monitoring Service and the analysts in the Far Eastern Service tried to turn it off, but the newsrooms clung to it. 'They wanted to run it

Exit Marx, A Hard Act To Follow

By William Pfaff

PARIS — The Chinese Communist Party's defection from orthodox Marxism — in a statement by the general secretary, Hu Yaobang, reported in Beijing's official press last Friday — is an event with implications that are not all reassuring.

Dengland Opens for Business

By Hobart Rowen

China: The Good News Left Them Speechless

By Flora Lewis

BERLIN — China's official attack on Marxist orthodoxy as outdated and a hindrance to needed reform was such a surprise to Soviet-bloc Communists that it left them speechless. The Chinese switch is a historic watershed that can have far-reaching, dramatic consequences.

Certainly, the sanctity of the texts is a handicap when it comes to adjusting to a changing world. It

This Chinese Leap Forward Must Worry the Kremlin

By William Safire

WASHINGTON — Put yourself at the turn of the millennium and look back 15 years. What event in 1984 most affected the history of the world?

You will probably note President Reagan's re-election, and the significance of the first woman running on a major national ticket in

dous changes since his ideas were formed

We cannot use Marxist and Leninist works to solve all our present-day problems

Times are changing," said this official voice of China's Communist Party. It would be "naive and stupid" to cling to all of Marx-ist thought while seeking to bring China into

40s and 50s are resentful of the triumph of the old men in the power struggle of 1976.

The mystery of the anti-Deng strength ex-plains another item in the Chinese press. The party is conducting an "anti-corruption" drive aimed, its spokesmen say, at smugglers and embezzlers who have been taking advan-tage of the new economic system. I suspect that the corruption Mr. Deng is aiming at is

nearest thing in the world to the Marxist promise of a classless society is the most capitalist countries, the United States, where almost every body feels middle-class. There is an urge to chort but the event is too important to be trivialized.

of a third superpower. Soviet leaders must be viewing this snowballing trend with horror.

If the Chinese succeed in just feeding them-selves with a market economy, the neighbor-ing Soviet system will be shown to be a failure. The entire Russian leadership — mu-lions of party members — will be threatene by the same sort of counterrevolution th threw out the doctrinaire Marxists in Char If the unthinkable happened to communis in China, it could happen in Russia.

Logic suggests that the KGB has a ma effort under way to trigger another upheav

Wistful thinking at the *New York Times* in December: will it be followed by public self-criticism?

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because they wanted it to be true,' one senior China-watcher remarked bitterly. Another said, 'They thought it was so good that they'd run it; why bother just because it was wrong?' Both services have written official complaints to the BBC about the episode.

Neither the *Guardian* nor the *Daily Telegraph* fell for it. The *Telegraph*'s man in Peking, who knows only minimal Chinese, noted as well the amusement of Chinese officials at the Western news-flap.

BUT SOMEONE in Peking was not amused. Within a few days the *Peoples Daily* had issued a unique 'clarification'. The original leader should have read '. . . *all* our problems'. Reporters were told that Party General Secretary Hu Yaobang's speech to a conference had been incorrectly transcribed, missing out the word 'all', and had found its way uncorrected into the Party's newspaper. This error, if error it was, will not enhance the careers on the *Peoples Daily* of the responsible editors.

Journalists love big stories and this one, with the 'correction', was pure manna. Biggest story of the year, said Safire. 'The equivalent of a major underground nuclear explosion', said Aitken. 'For once there is some really good news,' said Flora Lewis in the *New York Times*, whose leader writer, while expressing caution, said that 'China has found the "science" of Marx-Leninism too stale to guide a modern state'. Alistair Cook waffled through an entire talk, also quoting Safire and Lewis with admiration, only to wind up with a cautious admission that the rejection stories might be wrong.

The original mistakes — although not the BBC's reluctance to withdraw, much less correct the story — are understandable. For a number of years, Peking has been promoting entrepreneurial get-rich schemes in the countryside, which explicitly encourage wider differentials between rich and poor, on the grounds that competition is a wonderful incentive. In October, similar urban policies were introduced, based on market forces, profit and loss. Deng Xiaoping, the architect of these policies, has said that a little capitalism is good for China.

Mao himself had in fact advised against 'a dogmatic attitude towards Marxism'; and more than 20 years ago Deng had uttered his famous remark: 'What difference does the cat's colour make, if it catches mice?' In 1980, a national symposium conceded that 'Marx and Lenin do not provide all the answers'.

But an outright rejection of Marx and Lenin would have been quite another thing. Like most reasonable Church of England bishops, Deng knows that the Good Book is not to be swallowed whole. He is simply cautioning the true believers that today's problems cannot be solved by last century's dogmas. Two days before the now-notorious 7 December article, the *Peoples Daily* carried another article, pointing out that for the first time the Party was putting production first, and not class struggle. 'This conforms to Marxism and to China's realities,' it said. During the rest of December, articles poured out of Peking's senior ideologies emphasising that Marxism underpins China's 'system' but not its 'mechanisms'.

Nonetheless, the subject of devotion to Marxism remains a sensitive one in China. Deng is beset, he never forgets to complain, by critics, adversaries and mindless Maoists, who would be delighted to catch him out in an act of apostasy. 'The more we invigorate the economy', warned a recent issue of the Army's *Liberation Army Daily*, which occasionally speaks in code for the ideological die-hards, 'the more we must pay attention to checking the erosion by capitalist ideology'.

Deng is not going to be tripped up on ideological grounds. When Mrs Thatcher tried to suck up to him in Peking before Christmas, by referring to the 'ingenious' formula of 'one country-two systems' which Deng devised to describe the Hong Kong settlement, the wily old Long March veteran put her straight: credit he said, should go to 'Marxist dialectical and historical materialism'.

Perhaps the last word on China's devotion to Marxism should go to Chiang Jingguo, president of nationalist Taiwan and Chiang Kaishek's son. The *Peoples Daily* article, he observed, 'was intended to create a false image of Red China turning to capitalism'. □

USA

WITH A CRACK IN THE VOICE

Claudia Wright on US plans to broadcast from Israel

Washington

FOR YEARS the Soviet Union has jammed broadcasts of the 'Voice of America' in most languages other than English. This has been particularly frustrating for the Reagan Administration, which has been pumping fresh money into a new radio, Radio Liberty, aimed at providing the predominantly Moslem listeners of the Soviet Caucasus and Kazakhistan, Uzbekhistan and Turkmenistan with the kind of programmes they might tune into — if the 'evil empire' didn't get in the way.

At the same time the Soviet media has been telling this far-flung audience that US foreign policy is in collusion with Israel and hostile to Islam. US officials have branded this a lie and a fabrication of the KGB's disinformation department. In the past month, however, the US information agency (USIA) has begun to turn the disinformation into reality. The US is planning to install a large new broadcasting station for Radio Liberty and the 'Voice of America' (VOA) in Israel. Although equipped with the latest anti-jamming technology, this isn't likely to be needed. The Soviets might just as well advertise the broadcasts in advance — US propaganda for Moslems beamed fresh from Mt Zion.

The new plan has been advancing through the Washington bureaucracy for more than a year, despite misgivings among professional VOA staff whose charter forbids propaganda. The VOA's overseers in Congress have also begun to express concern about possible damage to the VOA's credibility from Administration schemes to use VOA's overseas stations to relay locally produced propaganda as well as the US-made stuff (see *NS* 28 September 1984). The new transmitter in Israel is expected to relay broadcasts from an Israeli propaganda organ, *The Voice of Zion*, as well as Radio Liberty; the target audience for the Israeli radio is Soviet Jewry.

Currently VOA relay stations in Morocco, Greece and Sri Lanka provide ample coverage of the Arab world, Iran and the Soviet Middle East. With the added power available when these stations receive bigger transmitters, US officials suggest that a station in Israel would not be needed — not, at least, for VOA broadcasts — and might prejudice VOA's reception in the Arab world. When the request to Israel for broadcasting facilities was drafted for President Reagan to sign last November, the Near Eastern Bureau of the Information Agency was not consulted. Those who object to the proposed link with Radio Liberty and Israeli propaganda are dismissed by State Department and USIA officials as 'mice in the mattress'.

US OFFICIALS were dismayed, however, to find Israeli objections to the proposal surfacing in the *Washington Post* on Christmas Day. The new station will cost between $100 and $200 million, and with its hand outstretched for another £5 billion in US aid this year and next, the Peres government is reluctant to look the President's gift horse in the mouth. But a number of Knesset members from Peres's Labour Party have told the press they don't want Israeli propaganda to the Soviet Union to be too closely identified with Radio Liberty.

US officials say the *Washington Post* got its version of what was going on badly garbled by taking its story directly from Israel, ignoring the State Department and VOA officials involved. They retaliated by briefing a *New York Times* reporter who printed the authorised account of the proposal a day later.

Left uncorrected was a special piece of disinformation which a *Washington Post* reporter concocted with Israeli help. This suggested that the US had originally asked Greece and Turkey to accept the new transmitter, and only after they had refused was Israel considered. The reason the reporter gave for Greece's alleged refusal was 'Socialist Prime Minister Andreas Papandreou's interest in closer ties with the Soviets . . . increasing strains in US-Greek relations . . . (and) the current political climate in Greece'.

This claim is denied by all the US officials involved in the Israel proposal. They say Greece and Turkey were never asked, and never said no. Also, US officials negotiating a new agreement with the Papandreou government to cover the existing VOA stations in Greece say that there have been no problems.

The irony in this affair is that the State Department, which has been behind the disinformation campaign against Papandreou (see *NS* 14 December 1984) has conceded that this time he is not to blame. In their haste to damn the Greeks for 'pro-Sovietism', the American media is insisting Athens become a mouthpiece for propaganda that US law does not permit VOA to broadcast — propaganda even members of the Israeli government are choking on. □

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LETTERS

Real-world socialist economics

Doug Jones, Economic Assistant to Roy Hattersley MP

In his attack on my article 'The people's profits' (*NS* 7 December), Michael Ward (*NS* 21 December) resorts to abuse, sarcasm and distortion but does not deal with the issues I raise. Indeed he prefers to mock me for advocating policies such as an expanded role for local enterprise boards and co-operatives, which he himself then goes on to describe as vital. He then attacks a number of straw men that I did not and would not propose. Ward does not tell us what he thinks went wrong with Labour economic policy before the last election, what his model of inflation and his anti-inflationary policies are, how he would ease constraints on employment generation and expansion or how he would control profits and investment. Above all, any concept of time or any recognition that the majority of people are not at present socialists is entirely absent from Ward's diatribe.

It is a pity that the very real economic issues that have to be confronted by socialists between now and the next election cannot be discussed without people like Michael Ward feeling the need to launch into sectarian trench warfare. Until Ward moves from economic generalities and banalities to specifics and does not assume away the many constraints and problems of the real world he will not be treated with the seriousness he presumably desires.

Toxins and tea leaves

Sidney Holt, Rye, E. Sussex

'All chemicals are natural, even synthetic ones', says Peter Forbes ('Toxin from a tea leaf', *NS* 14 December). Such obfuscation! If he means all synthetic chemicals are made from naturally occurring elements he is nearly right, but then the valid distinction between naturally occurring and contrived by humans loses its usefulness, which is I suppose his intention.

But the science of chemistry and its associated technology have brought into existence a vast number of species of molecules which did not exist before. It is ridiculous as well as mischievous to call those 'natural'. Furthermore, a substantial number of them cannot be metabolised by existing living organisms and so they are persistent in the biosphere. Of those a substantial number greatly affect the processes of life, mostly adversely. So serious discussion of the manufacture, sale and use of 'unnatural' chemicals is relevant to our survival. Their multiplication makes that discussion urgent.

Much of the argument in Forbes's piece is on a par with the sentence I have quoted. The false analogy he gives between the cargo cults and 'organic' food production is an insult to the intelligence of *New Statesman* readers. May I suggest you invite someone to write a serious article on the important subject he garbled in a failed attempt to be clever.

A fox-hunting man replies

Cathal O'Connor, Wellesbourne, Warks.

I am amazed that a serious journal like yours should print such trash as that included under the heading 'Deeper shade of purple' (*NS* 4 January). At a time when socialism is everywhere under attack in the western world, those of us who are committed to the cause of the common people do not need this kind of rubbish further to alienate the rural electorate.

John Sweeney's article is a typical example of the ignorant townsman's view of country life. Countrymen who happen to like riding horses are 'immensely fat', 'quaint' or 'ferret-faced'. Jolly socialist gangers, on the other hand, are 'built like a Barnsley brick outhouse'. Does this kind of subjective idiocy really convince readers of the *New Statesman* that hunting is cruel?

As everyone who has ever lived a rural life is aware, the joy of fox hunting lies in the thrills encountered by both man (or woman) and horse in riding all out over hedge and ditch, not in the rather rare sight of a fox being killed. Of course, the urban hunt 'sabs' who venture out for a healthy day in our countryside would prefer to control the killer fox (last week one of them tore seven of my hens to pieces one night) by gassing and snaring it. I wonder which kind of demise the fox would opt for?

Of course, Sweeney finally destroys his own case by citing the Hunt Retribution Squad. The spectacle of the hunt saboteurs trying — and failing — to dig up Beaufort's poor body would put anyone off their cause for life.

The pity of it is, that we who live in — and love — the countryside, have a predisposition to vote for Labour. After all, only Labour governments have done anything for us during the last half century. Yet as long as these 'vegan sabs' continue to be promoted by socialist publications, Thatcher's mob will continue to receive votes in rural areas.

War casualties by class

David Botsford, Dept of History, King's College, London WC2

In her review of Jonathan Guinness's new book *The House of Mitford* (*NS* 14 December), Anne Smith says: 'One would like to know what was the proportion of young upper-class officers killed to other ranks among the five million soldiers who fell in' the first world war.

In his book *English History 1914-45*, A.J.P. Taylor reveals that in the British army in the first world war the ratio of casualties among officers to those in other ranks was three to one.

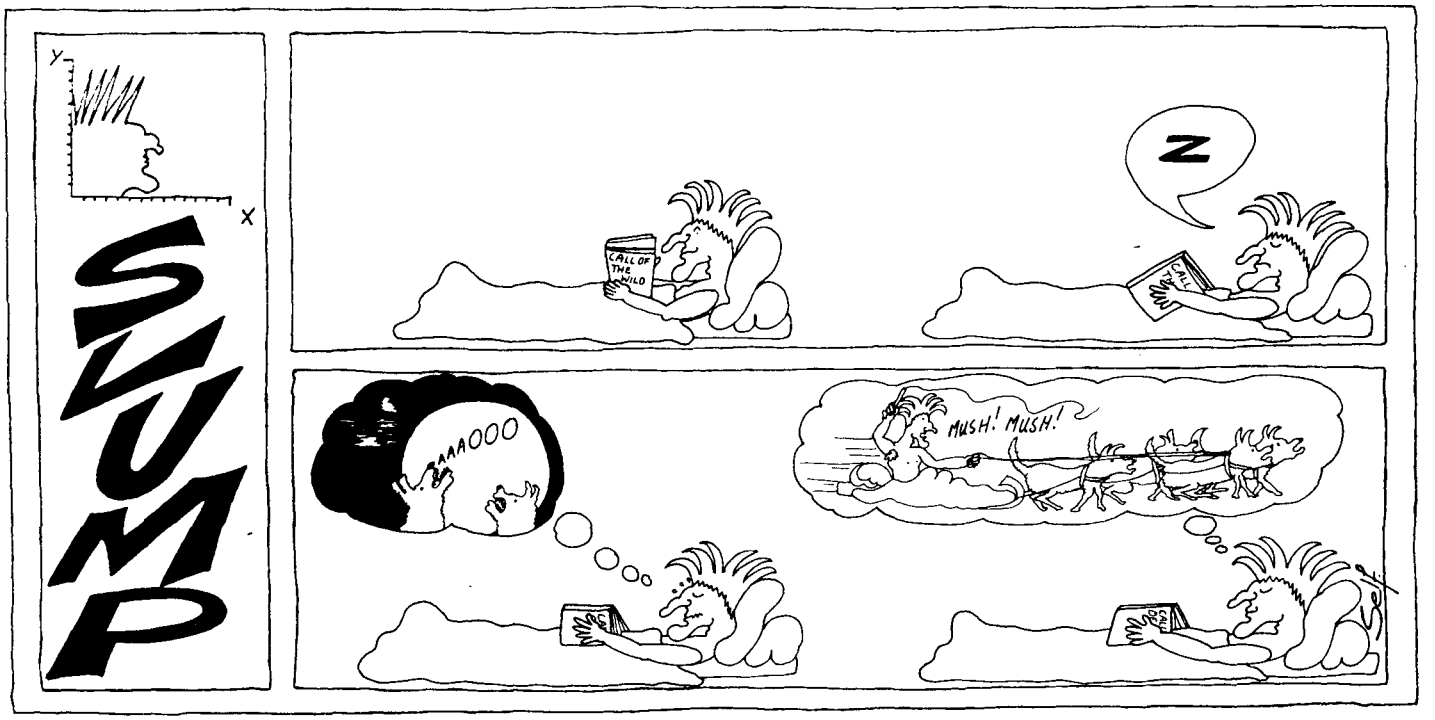
Parting the bamboo curtain

Charles Baines, Wuhan, China

There are a few corrections I'd like to make to Terry Eagleton's article on China (*NS* 30 November).

1. China's National Day celebrations were on 1 October.
2. There are three classes of rail travel.
3. The Chinese *like* milk — it is not poison to them.
4. It is easy for individual foreign travellers to find a hotel room.

It worries me that Mr Eagleton is so misinformed.



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Perhaps he should reserve his sardonic comments for the Thatcher government in future as he doesn't know all the facts about China or show an understanding of the Chinese. For example, he says Chinese people ask foreigners questions because they want them 'sociologically pigeonholed'. This is wrong. From my experience the Chinese ask questions either to practise their English or because they are inquisitive about the Western World.

Housing empires

Andrew Arden, London EC4

I refer to your note headed 'Habits dying hard' (Miscellany, *NS* 23 November). The clear inference was that the idea of a merger between Shelter and SHAC (the London Housing Aid Centre) was a piece of 'empire building' by Clive Thornton. I was one of a number of people, active in housing, who took the view that such a merger was not merely a good idea, but essential for the future of an effective housing lobby (among other reasons, in order to eliminate the very 'cut-throat rivalry' to which your note refers).

As one of those people, I participated in early, informal discussions, and as such can personally attest to the fact that this was by no stretch of the imagination empire-building by Mr Thornton. I in fact met Mr Thornton (for the first time) *after* the idea of a merger had been mooted, and Mr Thornton was so keen on the idea that he immediately indicated that if his presence as Chair of SHAC (or involvement in any enlarged organisation) might stand in the way of the proposal, he would be happy forthwith to withdraw from any participation at all.

May I add that the proposition attributed to a Shelter board member that no one in the building societies 'knows anything about housing' is revealing of the quoted person's ignorance of the considerable housing achievements of Mr Thornton while at the Abbey, and his continued concern evidenced by his involvement with SHAC.

Perhaps this ignorance is why such an important opportunity has been passed up by Shelter, because, I am informed, it was considered that the proposed merger 'would not be to *Shelter's* advantage' (letter from Shelter to SHAC, 15 November 1984, my emphasis).

Clearinghouse for drugs research

Nicholas Dorn, Institute for the Study of Drug Dependence, 1-4 Hatton Place, Hatton Gdn, London EC1

Drug problems are now recognised to be widespread throughout Britain and the recent flurry of initiatives in response includes the setting up of a number of local and regional drug research projects. Yet liaison between researchers in the field is currently not well developed. Not only are projects geographically dispersed, but backgrounds of researchers vary widely (psychologists and medics, staff of specialist drug agencies, police and probation services, sociologists and economists, local government workers and geographers, local residents and community workers, etc). It is in order to facilitate contacts and cross-fertilisation between these research groups that we are setting up an Active Clearinghouse for Liaison between Regional and Local Drug Research Projects, which will consist of a newsletter, meetings and other activities.

I would be most grateful if any of *NS* readers who are involved in or planning local drug research projects would contact me, whereupon I shall place a description of their projects in an early issue of the newsletter and send them a copy.

FEEDBACK

Child abuse: breaking the silence

I FOUND Anita Bennett's article on child assault (*NS* 7 December) full of ignorance and illogicality. She is not aware of several basic facts which are emerging from both American and British psychiatric research, and from grassroots work by the many community groups in this country. She claims that assault is mainly committed by adults. Unfortunately, a significant proportion of sex offenders are teenage boys (30 per cent of reports made to ISC [Incest Survivors' Campaign] concern assaults on girls by brothers) and experts from the Harborview Treatment Project in Seattle, Washington, have found that a five-year-old boy can be capable of sexually assaulting other children. Hence, the highest common denominator among offenders is not age, but gender.

Further, Ms Bennett states that 'the more [an offender] fears the retribution the more he lies about what he has done'. American penal practice could have enlightened her here. Even when offenders are assured they will receive therapy and probation rather than punishment, they are still as reluctant to come forward as they are in some other conditions. What holds them back is not fear — but sexual gratification. Too often it is forgotten that a child molester gets a very basic and pressing reward for his particular type of violence. We forget that for him it is a lifestyle that is far too pleasurable to give up voluntarily.

It is a myth that child molestation is the product of a 'dysfunctional family' since so much molestation occurs in non-familial situations, such as assaults on children in care by male residential workers. It is also a myth that child molesters offend on a one-off basis. Their pathology is known to have built up over many years, originating usually in early childhood. Consequently, the analysis favoured by Harborview is that incest offenders are acting from an obsessive compulsion which, like alcoholism, is incurable; but which, unlike alcoholism, is more destructive of others than of oneself, and must therefore be controlled by outside agencies for the greater good of society. Harborview operates on the knowledge that, given the chance, a past offender will always reoffend; that trust is what is abusable; and that we have no rights as a responsible society to gamble with our children's safety for the sake of defending irrelevant notions of 'forgiveness'. Harborview advocates permanent supervision of all offenders with appropriate prison sentences for those judged dangerous to their immediate community. Many are permitted to take jobs outside prison, returning to be incarcerated at evenings and weekends. This solution continues economic support for the family (thus protecting them from care proceedings) while encouraging the offender to maintain social responsibility. Most importantly, it means that he is deprived of further victims.

In discussing treatment Ms Bennett has pursued several red herrings. She mentions the problem of 'harsh retribution meted out by other prisoners'. In a prison unit especially reserved for sex offenders, this problem does not obtain. She states 'it is often the victim not the offender who is made to feel most guilty by a prison sentence'. Some children (though by no means all) have felt guilty about, for example, going to court; but, as Tony Baker's work shows, that is no reason to deny them justice — we must simply change the atmosphere in which they give evidence. Similarly, just because in the present system a child may feel guilty for 'breaking up the family', that is no reason to keep her in further danger. Sexual assault of course brings children a massive sense of guilt, which is engineered by the offender to ensure silence. But the catalyst to their guilt is ignorance — and, properly informed of their rights and options, childen can certainly put aside this burden.

I was surprised at Ms Bennett's confusion about the nature of paedophile propaganda. She claims that a man responsible for circulating PIE material has 'not actually [thereby] abused any child'. It is the experience of many members of our campaign that men and boys who abused us as children used child pornography, adult pornography and PIE material not only for their own gratification — but, more importantly, to persuade the child directly that the assault was a 'normal' part of life. Men who disseminate PIE material must surely take responsibility for the way it is used.

Last of all, I was shocked to see the old chestnut that incest is passed on in a family cycle. If such a slur were made against the children of alcoholics, we would all recognise it for the deterministic mumbo-jumbo that it is. In ISC's experience, adult women who are either themselves survivors or who are aware of the widespread existence of child sexual assault, are among the most committed to the re-education of society and the prevention of further abuse. Britain has the largest women's network fighting child abuse in Europe, with drop-in centres, refuges, adult self-help groups, mother-and-toddler groups, and child education projects all over the country. Four groups, in Manchester, Sheffield, Cambridge, and Bristol, have public funding — but the rest are making massive contributions to the field completely unaided. Several of these groups were interviewed by Ms Bennett and Angela Neustatter for the Channel 4 programmes and rejected by Gambles Milne without explanation. By refusing to cover women's groups such as the Incest Survivors' Campaign, both professionals and media have attempted to force them into a position of helplessness as the 'abusing and inhibited' adults, whose strength and insight are somehow too threatening to be acknowledged.

Given the innocence, endurance, commitment and pioneering work of the hundreds of women in such campaigns, it seems ironic that Anita Bennett should end her article by warning us not to insist on our own passivity. Passivity, helplessness and silence are the common experience of sexually assaulted children. If that experience continues into a woman's life, this is the result not of choice but of continued societal abuse such as the professional collusion condemned in Ms Bennett's article. But sadly, our abuse does not end there. Ms Bennett too will have to accept her own share of the responsibility for once more silencing survivors. Luckily for her, this type of abuse is prevented neither by punishment nor by therapy — but by honest, well-informed debate.

Emily Driver

Emily Driver works with abused children and women at the Child Sexual Abuse Preventive Education Project in London.

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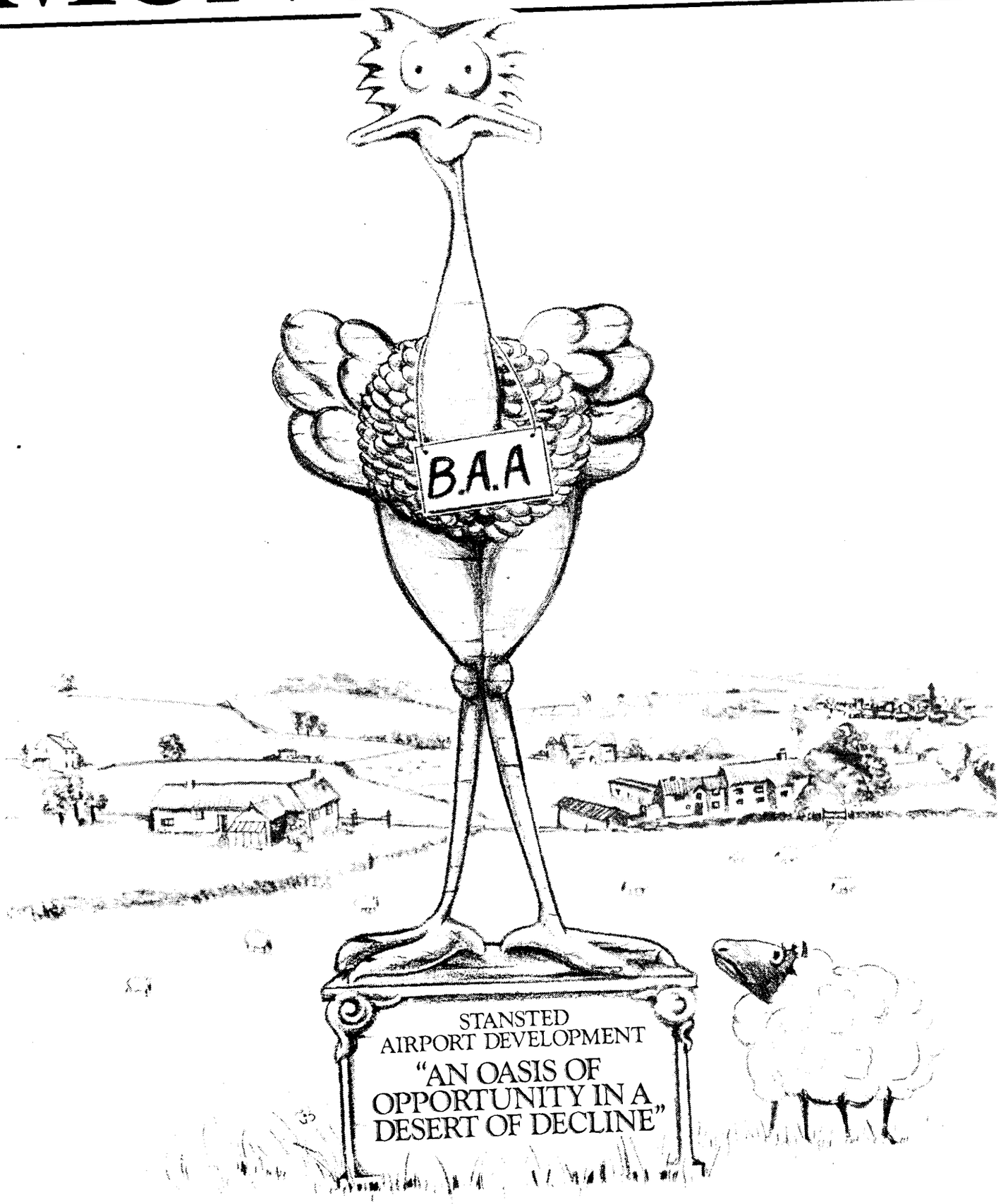
MONUMENTAL



New Sta

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STUPIDITY...

Building a third London airport at Stansted won't solve the unemployment problems of London's East End. Or the Midlands or North of England or Scotland.

Or anywhere else.

Call it a hijack. Call it a bureaucratic confidence trick. Call it arrogant stupidity. The fact is that Stansted will waste £1,000 million that could, and should, be used to create jobs all over Britain.

This massive public expenditure will create a monstrosity in the middle of rural Essex – one of the few places where unemployment hardly exists. Construction will strip the regions not only of their money, but also of skilled people whose talents are urgently needed for the regeneration of their own areas. There's no existing labour force in the middle of Essex. It can be provided only by uprooting homes and dividing families – just as unsettling for a Londoner as for a Geordie.

And all to create a total nonsense!

The fact is that Britain's regional airports are fully capable of handling the foreign traffic that is now artificially and arbitrarily routed through London, despite the 1978 White Paper which argued that Regional Airports should positively assist in relieving overcrowding in London.

TO THEM THAT HATH . . .

If Stansted goes ahead, the rich will get a little richer. The poor will get a lot poorer, wherever they are.

The B.A.A. will be even more stringent in forcing international traffic through the South East. This will degrade the regional airports to the status of feeders, and will end their value as job creators.

No longer will the regions attract employers. Why should business people want to settle near an airport which can't take their products to overseas markets?

And why should any overseas investors want to put their money into the North or Midlands when British avaition policy tells them, in effect, that Britain's only viable place of business is the South East?

Make no mistake. Stansted will hit workers everywhere – and hit them hard! Job prospects will recede still further – and God knows they're already bad enough.

The unemployment rate in the North is 17.1%. In the South East it is 9.2%. The Northern regions, with 27% of the population, have 33% of British unemployment. The South East, with 31% of the population, has 24% of the unemployment.

Unemployment is a tragedy, wherever and whomsoever it strikes. But it hits much harder in the North, where losing your job means at least 2½ times longer on the dole or the DHSS before you get another chance to earn your living.

Are such facts and figures part of the experience of dwellers in the peaceful, well-wooded, well-heeled neighbourhood of Stansted?

They certainly never entered the mind of the British Airports Authority which described the Stansted proposals as "an oasis of opportunity in a desert of decline". If Essex is a desert, what's the word for the North or Midlands or London's East End?

And for whom is the new airport an opportunity? Certainly not for the unemployed people of Stansted – because there aren't many of them! And the other residents aren't very keen on the opportunities for noise, smell, upheaval and compulsory urbanisation, with 25 million people a year trampling all over their county.

REAL PROGRESS

The forthcoming parliamentary debate is the last chance for commonsense and democracy to win out against bloody-minded bureaucratic obstinacy. We ask all of those, including Parliamentarians who may influence opinion for their co-operation.

Don't let anyone fool you into believing that Stansted will solve any real problems of unemployment. Even if you represent one of the problem areas of London, a development in wealthy, rural Essex isn't *going to help your constituents.*

Logic demands a vote against Stansted – and in favour of getting the full job-creating value out of an existing national asset, the regional airports. And at the same time, £1,000 million will be saved for the benefit of all the regions – including the South East.

WE'RE ALMOST THERE NOW AND IF WE ALL KEEP TOGETHER IN OUR DETERMINATION THAT COMMONSENSE WILL PREVAIL WE SIMPLY CAN'T LOSE.

Kill the disastrously divisive Stansted proposals. *Kick them out. And make sure they never come back.*

VOTE AGAINST STANSTED

This message has been presented for the urgent consideration of everyone who has an interest in the creation of new jobs in all parts of the U.K. and in distributing investment on an equitable basis, by the North of England Regional Consortium, representing all shades of political, commercial and public opinion and comprising:

The County Councils of Cheshire, Cleveland, Cumbria, Derbyshire, Durham, Greater Manchester, Humberside, Lancashire, Merseyside, Northumberland, Tyne and Wear, South Yorkshire and West Yorkshire.

The City Councils of Carlisle, Leeds, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle and Sheffield.

The Airport Authorities of Blackpool, Carlisle, Humberside, Leeds/Bradford, Liverpool, Manchester, Newcastle and Teesside.

If you would like to receive the detailed and quantifiable facts behind this announcement, please write to: North of England Regional Consortium, PO Box 532, Town Hall, Manchester M60 2LA.

the case for the

NORTH

North of England Regional Consortium

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THE GATHERING STORM

The appointment of Chris Mullin as editor of Tribune, *'Labour's independent weekly', in 1982 opened up a new battleground in the war for political control in the Labour Party. In the first of two articles, CHRIS MULLIN tells his story of those days of hand-to-mouth survival, grand schemes and unexpected discoveries*

NOBODY IN their right mind would have wanted to become Editor of *Tribune* in May 1982. No rent or rates had been paid since the beginning of the year. There was an outstanding debt to the printers of about £25,000. Tax and National Insurance contributions of several thousand pounds were owing for 1980 and 1981, and there were outstanding libel bills of about £3,000. Sales of *Tribune* had been in continuous decline for over 20 years and in the previous two years had started to haemorrhage.

Although not all of this was known to the paper's staff at the time, we knew enough to realise that there would not be a long queue of ambitious and talented applicants for the post of Editor — salary at that time £6,000 a year.

I had other reasons for not applying. At the time, I was contemplating marriage to someone who lived on the other side of the world. Also, I had just completed my first novel and was anxious to write another. Above all, I realised that if I were to become Editor and the paper were to go down the plughole — as seemed likely at the time — there would be a chorus of 'this is what happens when the extremists take over'. So when the job was advertised, I did not apply. Only after being approached by several members of the staff hours before the deadline expired, did I allow my name to go forward.

The Board of Directors was responsible for appointing the Editor. It consisted of six outsiders, four members of staff and the outgoing Editor, Richard Clements. The outsiders were James Curran (then Editor of *New Socialist*), Bernard Dix (then Deputy General Secretary of the National Union of Public Employees), three Labour MPs — John Garrett, Neil Kinnock and Michael Meacher; and Barrie Sherman, the head of research at the white collar union, ASTMS.

I won seven out of eleven votes on the first ballot. Of the other three candidates none got more than two votes.

Richard Clements made no attempt to conceal his disappointment at the result. In many ways, I admired him for his unfailing good humour and his unstinting efforts to keep the paper afloat during 21 years as Editor. It was he who had persuaded me to give up my job at the BBC and come and work for *Tribune* in September 1978. Although from the start, I considered the paper to be grievously mismanaged, it was not until the election of former *Tribune* Editor, Michael Foot, as leader of the Labour Party that serious differences began to emerge between myself and Clements. Our differences came to a head during the bitter contest for the Labour deputy leadership in the summer and

The political sympathies of Chris Mullin (pictured) provoked immediate hostility from the press — and from some in the Labour Party

Bennite to edit Tribune

By Julia Langdon, Political Correspondent.

The new editor of the Left-wing weekly newspaper Tribune is to be Mr Chris Mullin, a close associate of Mr Tony Benn. He was chosen yesterday from a short list of four candidates to succeed Mr [illegible]. His appointment has caused some disquiet on the left of the party because of the copywriter and his supporters as the editor of two books published by Mr [illegible], author of a handbook to use the procedure for selecting MPs, and the main Bennite [illegible].

While he is the successor to Mr [illegible] he has worked at Tribune for the past four years and his involvement in the Labour Party and the Labour Co-ordinating Committee have not gone down as a critic of the Labour Party establishment. Mr Mullin will take up the beginning of [illegible] from Mr [illegible]

BENNITE TO EDIT 'TRIBUNE'

By Our Political Staff

MR WEDGWOOD BENN last night gained a valuable platform when the board of the weekly Tribune chose Mr Chris Mullin, 34, as its next editor.

The appointment of Mr Mullin, a close associate and supporter [illegible]

Foot hits at 'infantile leftism' of Tribune

By Julia Langdon,

The new editor of the Left-wing weekly newspaper Tribune has succeeded in drawing blood from its distinguished former editor, the Labour leader, Mr Michael Foot.

In today's issue, the second under the new editor, Mr Christopher Mullin, a supporter of Mr Tony Benn, a letter from Mr Foot denounces the paper's new direction. Among other criticisms Mr Foot [illegible] such strong terms is given by Tribune's issue of a press release, detailing Mr Foot's response.

Mr Foot says he does not suppose that any but a few "sectarian stragglers" will follow Tribune's advice to Left-wingers on future campaigning; but adds his fear for the newspaper.

"Tribune has flourished for

New Tribune too much for 'old Left'

By NICHOLAS COMFORT Political Staff

THE rift between Labour's "old Left" and supporters of Mr Wedgwood Benn widened yesterday with the appearance of the first issue of TRIBUNE edited by Mr Chris Mullin, an associate of Mr Benn.

Several said they would cancel their subscriptions and refuse to write if asked although Mr Mullin had stated the paper would "provide a forum not merely for our friends but also for our opponents."

However, he committed TRIBUNE to fighting any "witch-hunt" against members of the Trotskyist Militant Tendency, an inquiry into which is nearing completion at party headquarters.

He said the "more intelligent" Right-wingers knew it did not threaten their "cosy niche" in the Establishment.

"That honour belongs to the Campaign for Labour party Democracy and, to a lesser extent, the Labour Co-ordinating Committee (two pro-Benn organisations). It Militant is

Andrew Ward/Report

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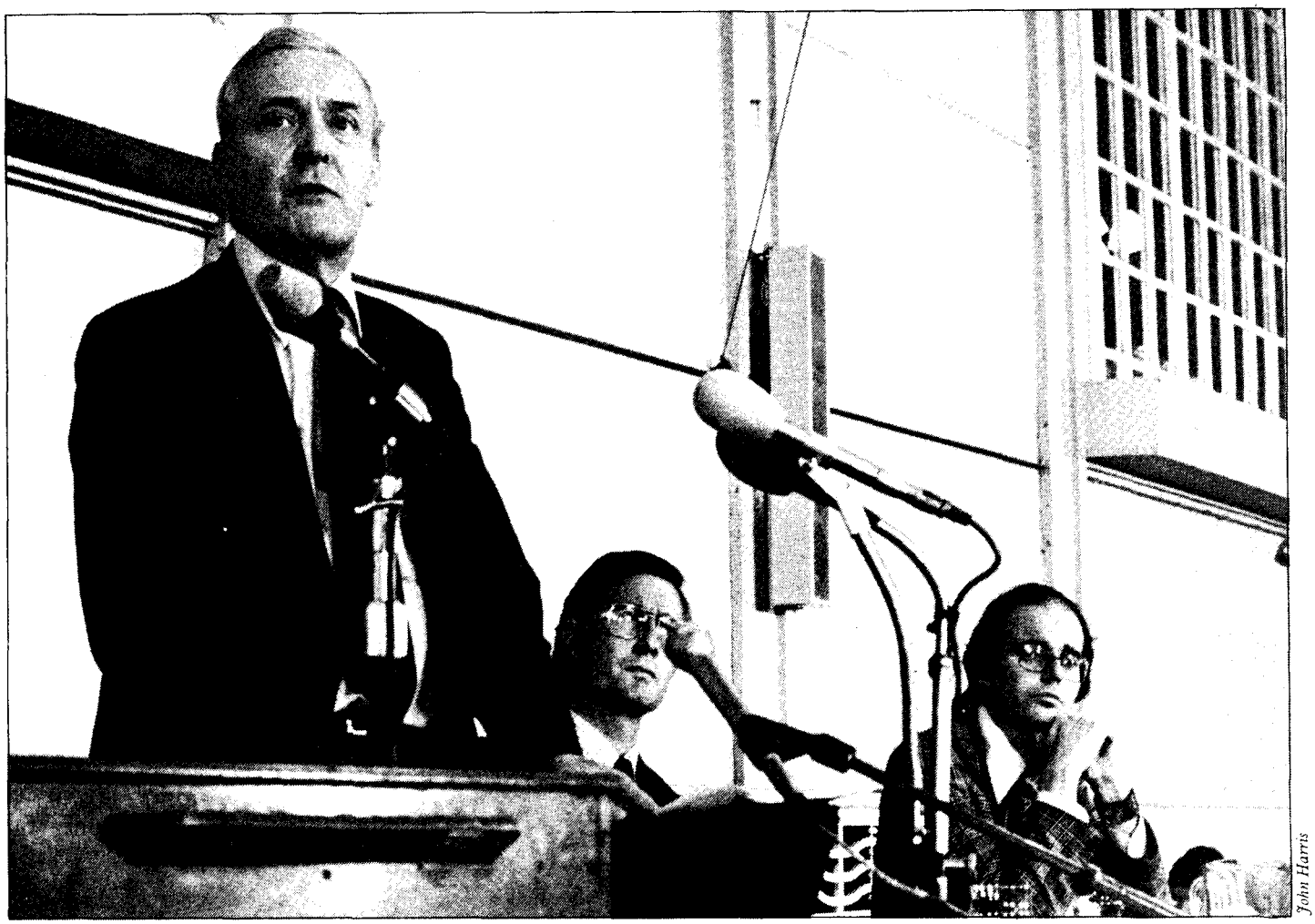

John Harris

Benn and Mullin share a platform at a TUC Tribune rally, 1982

autumn of 1981, during the course of which the paper remained neutral between Denis Healey and Tony Benn. It was then that the steady decline in the paper's readership had turned into a haemorrhage.

Richard Clements was not the only person to view my election as Editor with dismay. Although Neil Kinnock had not attended a board meeting for the previous two years, he drove 250 miles in order to vote against me. As he left the meeting he was heard to remark that *Tribune* would be dead in four months. Events were to prove him wrong, but it was a close shave.

I TOOK OVER as Editor on 3 May 1982, the day after the *Belgrano* was sunk. My first task was to detach the paper from the ridiculous stance then being taken by Michael Foot and the Labour leadership over the Falklands — supporting the dispatch of the fleet, but not its use. We looked back through our archives to the Suez crisis in August 1956 when Foot was Editor. Sure enough, we found that *Tribune* then had been forthright in its opposition to the British fleet being sent to Suez. The parallel was not precise, but close enough. We reproduced *Tribune*'s front page of August 1956 and called for the Task Force to be brought home. Later, we published an article by Anthony Arblaster, a former *Tribune* journalist, strongly critical of Michael Foot's handling of the Falklands. This provoked strongly worded replies to the paper from Neil Kinnock and Michael Foot. Foot wrote: 'I fear for *Tribune* . . . Never for long has *Tribune* been afflicted by infantile leftism. I hope it survives the present bout'.

My second issue carried an editorial setting out the policy the paper would follow: 'This paper is not the property of any sect, tendency or personality . . . To have a say in *Tribune* it will not be necessary to agree with the editorial line of the paper. We will provide a forum, not merely for our friends, but also for our opponents. Informed controversy is healthy and we shall encourage it'. The editorial went on to pledge the paper's 'relentless' opposition on the fudging of Labour Party policy, 'unequivocal' support for Labour Party and trade union democracy and 'unbending' resistance to those who wanted a purge of dissidents from the Labour Party.

Not everyone was happy with this approach. Joe Haines of the *Daily Mirror* told a mutual friend that the *Mirror*'s advertising would cease. It did, although not immediately. At TUC Congress in September the *Mirror* took a full page to denounce Tony Benn and at the Labour Party Conference a month later the *Mirror* took another full page to denounce *Tribune*. Then the adverts ceased.

Almost immediately Clive Jenkins of ASTMS withdrew his union's weekly advertisement. He was ordered by his executive to put it back, but a few weeks later the withdrawal of *Tribune*'s advertising was passed by his executive as part of an economy drive. From every quarter, word reached us of trade union leaders planning to cut off or reduce their advertising and much of my time was spent trying to reassure them or frantically lobbying our friends in an effort to limit the damage.

Meanwhile it soon became evident that the financial situation of the paper was a great deal worse than we had been led to believe. The printers were pressing for a reduction in our debt. A summons arrived from Camden Magistrates Court inviting me to appear and explain why no rates had been paid. The worst shock came in July — a bill from our landlords, the Transport and General Workers' Union, demanding seven months unpaid rent. A month before his departure Richard Clements had assured the Board that he was negotiating an arrangement with the deputy general secretary of the TGWU, Alex Kitson, to the effect that *Tribune* would be given a one-year rent 'holiday'. This was, he said, a confidential arrangement and should not

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be minuted.

The subject came up at more than one board meeting and at the time Clements had been closely questioned about this arrangement with Kitson. Supposing, he was asked, that after he had left *Tribune*, the TGWU denied all knowledge of such an arrangement. Don't worry, said Clements, just call on me and I will sort it out. When the rent demand from the TGWU arrived, we sent a copy to Clements and asked for his comments. He did not respond.

Subsequently, we obtained a copy of an internal TGWU memorandum dated 27 September 1982 setting out Alex Kitson's version of events. Kitson had written: 'Dick Clements came to see me to tell me of [*Tribune*'s] financial difficulties and asked to be spared the payment of rent for one year. I said I couldn't take a decision on this and that it should be referred to the TGWU. He didn't, however, do so . . .' In his next sentence Kitson said that when Clements had resigned as Editor he had 'told me to forget about the request'. He went on: 'I have now spoken to Dick Clements on the phone, who confirms the position as outlined above, that no such arrangement was ever entered into'.

The amount of rent outstanding by September was about £7,000. In addition we owed £5,000 in rates, £3,600 in unpaid tax and national insurance, about £3,000 in unpaid libel damages and costs arising from an action brought against the previous Editor by the Freedom Association. The unpaid balance with the printers stood at around £22,000. Just how serious the situation was did not become apparent until the paper's business manager, Carl James, left in July.

James had been a candidate for the editorship, favoured by Richard Clements. He did not work enthusiastically under my editorship and when he announced his resignation, it was greeted with general relief. On the day that he left, he told me that we would be through the bottom of the overdraft by the end of the following week.

To avert disaster, Sheila Marsh and Sheila Noble, the two longest serving members of staff, had to devote themselves to chasing up our larger debtors. Each week they managed to collect just enough money to keep us solvent — and that was how we lived all summer.

ON 25 AUGUST, three weeks after Carl James left, we received a letter from a former *Tribune* director, Lord Bruce of Donnington. In his letter Lord Bruce wrote: 'I am increasingly perturbed about the paper's future within the perspective established originally by Aneurin Bevan and continued by his successors until comparatively recently'.

Lord Bruce went on to allege irregularities in the way the company was run. He pointed out — correctly — that no annual returns had been filed at Companies' House since 1979. He suggested — incorrectly — that the company was trading while insolvent and went on to call for a shareholders' meeting to be convened 'so that the long-term development and present state of affairs of the company be fully disclosed to the shareholders, employers, creditors and readers'.

What Lord Bruce forgot to mention, however, was that most of the irregularities of which he complained had originated during his period as company secretary from 1973 to 1981. Despite his expressions of concern for the health of the paper, he had only attended one Board meeting in the two years 1979-81. Twice in 1980 he had been asked to stand down as a director if he was unable to attend the monthly Board meetings. He had finally resigned in March 1981.

We realised at once that we were facing an attempted coup. At about this time we learned that a paper was circulating in the House of Commons outlining a plan for taking over *Tribune* and running it along lines more acceptable to the Labour Party and trade union leadership. The paper had been drafted by Chris Jones and Carl James. Jones was a former *Tribune* journalist who had left shortly before I became Editor, to work as a part-time political adviser to Eric Heffer. He was also close to John Silkin, although it was some time before we realised the significance of this.

We also learned that Richard Clements — who was by now a political adviser to Michael Foot — had given Foot a copy of the paper and was trying to persuade him to back the takeover bid. In September, the chairman of the company, Michael Meacher, went to see Foot to ask if an attempted takeover would have his blessing. Foot said it would not and promised to make this clear to Lord Bruce. A little later Foot telephoned Meacher and told him that he had seen Lord Bruce and we had nothing to fear. Relieved, we went ahead and fixed a shareholders' meeting for 9 December.

MEANWHILE there had been a new outbreak of civil war in the Labour Party, and *Tribune* was in the front line. At the end of May 1982, we had published a front page article by Tony Benn warning that the Labour leadership had plans for watering down the Party's election manifesto. Then we learned that the Party's National Executive Committee was drawing up plans for a register of non-affiliated organisations in what was clearly a thinly disguised preparation for a purge of the Left. It was clear that the purge would have the backing not only of the Right, but also of Michael Foot and Neil Kinnock.

In our leading article on 25 June we said: 'If there is one cast iron, certain way of Labour losing the next election, it is by re-opening the civil war which has engulfed the party for the last three years'. The editorial went on: 'Labour Party members around the country must be in despair that, even at this late hour, the Parliamentary leadership is unable to fight Margaret Thatcher and the Social Democrats with a fraction of the enthusiasm they are able to muster for fighting members of their own party'.

The next week the Tribune Group of MPs voted narrowly to support the proposed register and, by implication, the coming purge. That week, in an editorial headed 'The death of the Tribune Group?' we called on the Left in Parliament to regroup and in the next few months more than 30 Tribune Group MPs left to set up a rival organisation, the Campaign Group — which is still going strong.

A few weeks later, the Labour Party conference endorsed the proposed register of non-affiliated organisations. That week, *Tribune*'s leading article was headed: 'You cannot have unity *and* a purge'. It was illustrated by a reproduction of a *Tribune* front page from August 1954 — the last occasion on which the Labour Party had mounted a purge of suspected Trotskyites. 'I CALL THIS BAN AN OUTRAGE' had been *Tribune*'s headline then over an article that denounced the purge as 'stupid, cowardly and totalitarian'. The author had been *Tribune*'s Editor, Michael Foot.

By November, fears were growing that Labour's policy on nuclear weapons was undergoing a subtle shift. While Michael Foot was prevaricating over Labour's commitment to remove nuclear weapons in American bases, Denis Healey was being commendably frank. He said that he would not serve in a Labour government committed to getting rid of nuclear weapons. As for Labour's Defence spokesman, John Silkin, I had been trying to interview him for more than a year on the subject. When he declined to be interviewed, I offered him space to write an article setting our readers' minds at rest on Labour's nuclear policy.

When he did not respond, *Tribune* published a front page leading article headed: 'When will John Silkin speak out?' The answer came sooner than we expected. □

NEXT WEEK: Silkin's coup attempt

Chris Mullin was editor of Tribune *from May 1982 to November 1984. He is the author of* A Very British Coup *and is working on his second novel.*

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A vocation of leadership

Mervyn Jones

BBC Hulton Picture Library

Shaping the future of the Labour Party: Beatrice and Sidney Webb

Beatrice and Sidney Webb: Fabian Socialists
LISANNE RADICE *Macmillan* £20 & £8.95
Educate, Agitate, Organize: 100 Years of Fabian Socialism
PATRICIA PUGH *Methuen* £16

AS LISANNE RADICE remarks, it's surprising that hers is the first biography of the Webbs. There will be no need for another; her book is comprehensive, thoughtful, illuminating on many episodes in the Webbs' long record of activity, fair-minded and well-written. It is, moreover, a book with a point of view. She feels that the Webbs have been treated unjustly — hence, indeed, the lack of other biographies — and that 'their philosophy is more profound, less doctrinaire and more democratic than their detractors would have us believe'.

Thanks to H. G. Wells at the time of the Great Fabian Row, and more recently thanks to Malcolm Muggeridge, most of us have a picture of the couple as humourless pedants who imposed a model of centralised meritocracy on British socialism. Those who have perused Beatrice's letters and diaries are aware that she was a passionately emotional woman, but this leaves Sidney as the pedant and the one who moulded the joint personality. Mrs Radice succeeds in showing that he too could reveal endearing human quirks and even make jokes. More important, she is able to cite passages from his writings in which he gave due value to democracy, personal freedom, pluralism and local initiative in creating varied forms of common ownership.

The fact remains that almost everyone who had dealings with the Webbs got the impression that has shaped their reputation. They were brainy, they were vastly industrious, they were dedicated and unambitious, they were in every way deserving of respect — but, somehow, one is irresistibly tempted to deflate them. One can, indeed, find two reasons for casting doubt on their stature. The first of these is that their books are little read outside academic circles, and certainly don't match Morris or Tawney in providing living inspiration for socialists. This can't be explained solely by Sidney's leaden prose nor by the fact that much of the Webbs' work was historical and analytical; *Industrial Democracy* and *The Socialist Commonwealth* were intended as signposts for the future.

The other reason for questioning the Webbs' claim to greatness is that, though Mrs Radice wouldn't put it so bluntly, they were wrong most of the time. They were wrong about the new unionism in the 1890s, wrong about the prospects of influencing Tory or Liberal politicians, wrong about the formation of the Labour Party (they didn't concede that it had a future until 1910), wrong about votes for women (Beatrice came round to the idea tardily and reluctantly), wrong about the General Strike and wrong about the Labour government's decisions in 1931. They managed to be wrong twice about Communist Russia, cold-shouldering it in Lenin's time — 'my husband and I have always been against the Soviet system', Beatrice wrote icily in 1924 — and embracing it in Stalin's heyday.

Beatrice had begun her working life as a social investigator, and never shed the moralistic outlook acquired in Victorian times. While she was sincere about wiping out destitution and pressed for the concept of a 'national minimum', she argued in 1908: 'Any grant from the community to the individual beyond what it does for all, ought to be conditional on better conduct.' To this, Sidney added a firm conviction that the 'average sensual man' had to be told how to behave. When he declares his faith in freedom, it's hard to feel that he speaks from the heart. 'Reforming society,' he laid down sternly, 'is no light matter, and must be undertaken by experts specially trained for the purpose.' Revealing, to my mind, is his practice of using the word 'collectivism' as a synonym for 'socialism', or often in preference to it. Even in his formulation of the Labour Party's Clause Four, the phrase 'producers by hand or brain' implies a rigorous dichotomy — an assumption that engineers, miners and weavers don't use their brains.

It isn't surprising that, when the Webbs went round the world in 1911, they were impressed by the discipline and efficiency of the Japanese and displeased by the absence of these qualities in the Chinese, whom Beatrice dismissed as 'an uncivilised race'. They were too prone to

The little train

Knute Skinner

He was one of those who quickly
tire of an outing.
Jostled, dejected,
his limbs shivering,
he concluded that he had been abandoned
by the powerful excursion streamliner.
He had had enough of the picnic
and was waiting hopefully
for the little train that saves the day.

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indulging themselves — 'perpetually smoking and drinking tea', she noted — and the theme recurred when she decided in 1930 (before actually going to Russia) that the merit of Soviet life was its austerity. As she put it:

> The daily life — whether of work or recreation — of the Russian Communist has become intensely serious and public spirited, whilst that of the USA citizen is becoming increasingly dominated by pecuniary gain and frivolous pleasure.

Which sets the tone for certain Left attitudes, both to the USSR and the USA, that are still with us.

Thus, one can trace a direct link between the Webbs' faith in 'experts' and their approval of what they saw in Russia in 1932; for they gave their highest praise to the Party, or what they called 'the vocation of leadership'. They described it as 'a religious order', citing 'its strict discipline, its vows of obedience and poverty'. (The third commitment, to chastity, wasn't total, but Beatrice noted that Communist behaviour was 'the exact opposite of the D. H. Lawrence cult of sex'.) Shaw, who was equally sold on what he found in Russia, reported in almost the same language on 'a self-dedicated democratic priesthood ... held together by a common faith and by vows of poverty and chastity'. One might imagine that trained observers like the Webbs would have noticed the special shops, special clinics, limousines and *dachas* that gave the Party high-ups a privileged standard of living. But that would have conflicted with, not simply the picture they wanted to see, but also their conception of how a socialist country should be managed and controlled.

For good and for ill, it was the Webbs who shaped the characteristic outlook of British socialism, or Labourism if you prefer the term. They did this, of course, through their guidance of the Fabian Society, which achieved its centenary in 1984 and whose history is chronicled by Patricia Pugh. Her book is authoritative, fact-packed, discreet on personal matters and full of detail about meetings, membership figures, votes and pamphlet sales — in fact, a thoroughly Fabian work. She doesn't, unfortunately, make it easy to see the wood for the trees, and Lisanne Radice provides a clearer exposition of what the various arguments were about.

The history matters, because it's impossible to understand the Labour Party without knowing about the Fabians. When the party was in opposition, they drafted the policies that were adopted (though sometimes funked) by Labour governments. They provided a steady stream of Labour MPs, party officials, ministers and even colonial governors. All Labour Prime Ministers, from MacDonald to Callaghan, have been Fabians. One might, indeed, talk of a Fabian mafia or freemasonry — with the proviso, which does stand to the credit of the Webbs, that the Society has never pressed an exclusive line and has been open to all trends of thought. It has nevertheless created an atmosphere, hard to define precisely but distinctly marked by pragmatism, caution and respect for the expert. The Labour Party bears the stamp of the Fabian Society as surely as the Society bears the stamp of Beatrice and Sidney Webb. □

Skin deep

Nigella Lawson

Face Value: The Politics of Beauty
ROBIN TOLMACH LAKOFF and
RAQUEL L. SCHERR *Routledge* £12.95

ASK any self-respecting feminist whether she worries about her looks and, at the best, you'll be greeted with disdain. But don't be fooled: underneath the sensible exterior, we anguish over our shortcomings and subject ourselves to the tyranny of beauty as much as our mothers did before us. Or so is the opinion of Robin Tolmach Lakoff and Raquel L. Scherr, which they cite as the genesis of this book.

The women's movement has evolved over the past two decades: the androgynous ideal, which essentially involved the repudiation of the (male-oriented) notion of femininity and was thus, even if unintentionally, a celebration of masculinity, has given way to a woman-centred perspective which puts many hitherto neglected so-called 'feminine virtues' into relief. But what of beauty? When we talk of someone being beautiful, the implication is that the subject being discussed is a woman. We call a man handsome, or good-looking, unless we wish to hint at effeminacy. The fact that we use different words for male and female beauty indicates that we assign different (semantic) characteristics to 'beautiful' and 'handsome'; the fact that we possess two words with clearly differentiated connotations plants in our mind, subliminally or otherwise, the notion that polarisation of sex roles is valid. This is a conclusion that Lakoff and Scherr come to fairly late on in the book, and much of the previous material works, in an admittedly unrigorous way, towards it.

It seems their greatest preoccupation (I say 'seems' for I cannot believe it can truly be the case) is the definition of beauty itself. Having posited many, inevitably unsatisfactory theories of personal beauty, they acknowledge that beauty is neither quantifiable nor definable — hence, it is presumed, its irrational but unassailable dominion. Indeed, too much of the book deals with the definition-eluding nature of beauty. By dwelling so obsessively on the mysterious factor X which constitutes beauty, the authors could be accused of perpetuating the myth instead of dismantling it. There are many who have a vested interest in mythologising the mere arrangement of features, but feminists should not be among them.

Face Value shows, however, that we have every justification for worrying about our looks: its research demonstrates that attractive people are better treated than the unattractive; attractive people are convicted less often than the unattractive and get lighter punishments; attractive pupils are considered more highly by their teachers than their unattractive counterparts; and attractive people are more employable — women as well as men.

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But the exceptionally beautiful woman will not be treated as favourably in the workplace as the merely attractive. Too much of a good thing, it appears, is not the thing.

Women's beauty is part of the politico-economic set-up of a patriarchal society — a fair exchange for the male preserves of power. Beauty is scarce and hence highly valued in the marketplace. Beautiful women are, inappropriately, thought of as powerful, but, as Lakoff and Scherr point out, 'women do not have power through beauty, beauty has the power'. Moreover, it is a peculiarly passive power (which seems, rightly enough, a contradiction in terms) in that it is measured not by the possessor's action, but by the observer's reaction. As long as a woman's self-esteem lies in others' opinions, she is in a position of weakness and dependency not of strength. Furthermore, the ideal, fluctuating as it is, of female beauty, stresses the passive, the weak and the useless. Kant perceived functionlessness as a condition of the beautiful, and this requirement is strangely upheld in the ideal of female beauty (woman as beautiful object): the bound foot of ancient China to the high-heeled, unnaturally pointed shoe of today; the wasp waist, product of constraining corsets; the vulnerability which seems to crave protection, even domination; the boyish slim hips admired today which, at the most extreme, make childbirth look a danger if not a near-impossibility. Male beauty, contrariwise, is characterised by action and strength.

The beautiful woman, in complying with the male-dominated view of female beauty, is herself weakened by it. She becomes hostage to it. Because she learns that it is the only thing she is valued for, she comes to despise it and herself, and at the same time depend on it too much. Women's notorious vanity has less to do with narcissistic preening than most men might think.

Our cultural views of beauty are founded on an appreciation of sexual polarisation. Features and adornments are considered beautiful because they accentuate the difference between the sexes. (This is obviously problematic for the feminist who seeks to minimise the significance of such differences.) Women remove the hair on their legs not because it is abnormal for them to grow hair there, but because hairy legs are generally considered mannish and unfeminine by apparently more rightfully hairy men.

Lakoff and Scherr's proposed way of righting the wrongs and misconceptions we have inherited and perpetrated is based on the best of good faith, namely that: 'beauty must be de-emphasized in the pantheon of feminine virtues'; but their advice as to how this is to be achieved is misguided. They naively suggest a new theory of beauty which embraces the person as a whole, with outward characteristics relegated to an irrelevance. To this end, they enjoin us to 'close the gap between what we really find beautiful and what we think we find beautiful because we have been told to think that way'. The idea that the marks of culture can so lightly be washed away or that there is an irreducible essence somehow, somewhere beneath the conditioned cultural being is ill-founded.

Face Value itself suffers from some degree of superficiality. Many of its arguments are inconclusive, although the authors' hearts, one feels, are very much in the right place. Their gravest sin is the sin of omission. Apart from a dismissive reference to Freud, psychoanalysis and its enormous potential in the subject under consideration is ignored; and the relationship between sexuality and the idea of beauty is unforgiveably overlooked. □

Byways

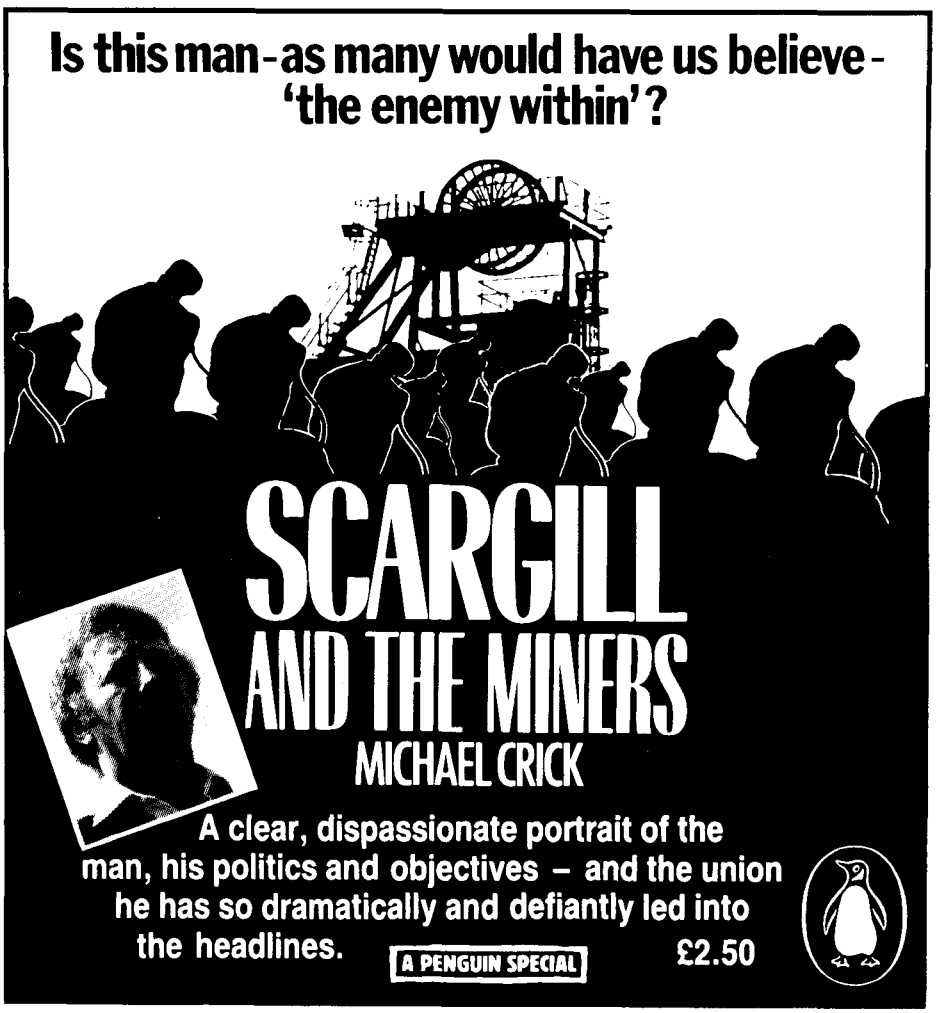
David Montrose

An American Procession
ALFRED KAZIN *Secker* £12.50

AMERICAN literature during what Alfred Kazin terms 'the crucial century' (1830-1930) is a big, big subject to engage even in a book of 400 pages. Kazin has reduced the task to less formidable proportions by concentrating largely on one of its dominant themes: the conflict between the 'now-legendary sense of self in America' and forces promoting individual anonymity.

Beginning with Emerson, whose early lectures and essays inspired 'a national idea' of personal 'self-reliance', he pursues that theme down through the lives and works of those he adjudges the period's major writers: Thoreau, Hawthorne, Poe, Whitman, Melville, Dickinson, Twain, Henry Adams, James, Stephen Crane, Dreiser, Eliot, Pound, Faulkner, Hemingway, Dos Passos and Fitzgerald. Kazin closes with 'the triumph of modernism' that, for him, constituted the second great period, of two, in American literature. (The first had come before the Civil War, in the time of the transcendental idealists and 'the great romancers'.) After the Twenties, he declares, 'the free spirit of the moderns was dissipated by war, depression, political ideology, academicism, "post-modernism" '. Unexpected, this, from a critic who has previously expressed much admiration for his country's fiction and poetry since 1930.

The only surprising inclusion in Kazin's pantheon is the historian, Adams, who is certainly a lesser figure — in terms of reputation anyway — than the rest of its members. He is, though, vital to Kazin's interpretive design, his vision of a deterministic world rushing inexorably towards catastrophe — via his posthumous autobiography, *The Education of Henry Adams*, a profound influence on the modernist era — providing the antithesis to Emerson's notion of man in control of his individual destiny. The notable omission is Fenimore Cooper, America's first great author: a victim of Kazin's decisions to date its literature from Emerson and to consider only writers whose careers began after his did. A pity: Cooper's Natty Bumppo, who embodies self-reliance before Emerson had articulated the concept, bulks large in the national mythology; the five Leatherstocking novels of which he was hero, starting with *The Pioneers* (1823), would have made fine illustrations of Kazin's chosen


Is this man - as many would have us believe - 'the enemy within'?
SCARGILL AND THE MINERS
MICHAEL CRICK
A clear, dispassionate portrait of the man, his politics and objectives – and the union he has so dramatically and defiantly led into the headlines.
A PENGUIN SPECIAL
£2.50

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theme.

Nevertheless, Kazin's decisions are entirely understandable. After all, a main current in American literature can be characterised as an argument with Emerson's views on the conduct of life. In some cases, this argument takes the form of outright opposition to the Emersonian ideal: Hawthorne, Melville and Eliot distrusted what Richard Chase has called 'the anarchic instinct of the individual' and believed in a need for 'authority'. Others argue with the attainability of that ideal: in their different ways, Twain, Adams, Crane and Dreiser demonstrated the impossibility of personal autonomy in the face of social forces. (Unfortunately, in discussing *Huckleberry Finn*, Kazin follows the traditional misinterpretation of its conclusion, thereby losing the full extent of Twain's pessimism.) Even apparent supporters implicitly argue with Emerson. Both Thoreau's solution to 'the problem of life' and the young Hemingway's 'dream of serenity' involved a withdrawal from society; Emerson defined the truly self-reliant man as one who maintained independence inside it.

Had Kazin confined himself to charting narrowly this argument, *An American Procession* might have been a highly illuminating work. Instead, the light it casts has been diffused by what looks like his unwillingness to accept the inherent characteristics of a thematic study. A narrow approach would have meant handling the writers who most strongly exemplified Kazin's theme, with literary eminence constituting at best secondary grounds for attention. Obviously, this was incompatible with Kazin's desire to cover the major figures of the period: several, Poe especially, would have been excluded. As it is, the writers in question fit uneasily into the book. The author, creditably, has not sought to overstate their exemplary value, but this only reveals their peripherality. Kazin also seems reluctant to concede that a thematic study can rarely arrive at — is, indeed, rarely designed to arrive at — definitive statements about the writers concerned, but rather offers a set of views from one particular angle. Repeatedly, by over-generalising, he presents such views as whole pictures: 'From the beginning, Mark Twain's real subject...was man as animal nature...'; 'In everything that Adams wrote, the underlying theme is in fact the ineluctability of power...'; 'Dos Passos's subject [in *U.S.A*] is the degradation of democracy into mass society...'

A noteworthy strength of *An American Procession* comes from the way Kazin traces developments and mutations in each writer's ideas and attitudes, relating them to events in private life or the wider world. He considers the effects on Emerson's thought of his first two visits to England and on Adams's theories of his beloved wife's suicide, pays special regard to the impact on literary imaginations of the Civil and Great Wars and Chicago's Columbian Exposition of 1893, which trumpeted America's coming-of-age as an industrial power. But here, too, Kazin disdains narrowness, blurring relevant biographical data by adding the extraneous. Similar digressive tendencies are, indeed, evident throughout. Clearly, Kazin had more to say than could be accommodated within the fundamental scheme of his study. Rather than leave opinions unstated, he preferred to depart from that scheme whenever it suited him. Certainly, as Kazin acknowledges, the book to some degree respresents a gathering — or, at least, a drawing-on — of fugitive pieces. Unfortunately, the digressions only blur things further. Kazin could not have chosen to explore a more central theme in American literature; his critical path, though, makes too many detours. □

Moving forwards

Steven Rose

Order Out of Chaos: Man's New Dialogue with Nature
ILYA PRIGOGINE and ISABELLE STENGERS
Heinemann £9.95

IF, FROM the 17th century on, biology had developed as a science faster than physics, many of the conceptual dilemmas with which the philosophy of Western science has been faced would have diminished or disappeared. Because it happened the other way round, it was the world-according-to-the-physicists which became 'the' model for scientific objectivity, a world of ideal objects propelled by frictionless forces acting by determinate laws; a world of equilibrium and harmony; the world, in short, of Isaac Newton. But the real world of cosmological evolution, of continental drift and the birth and death of landmasses, above all the world of biological change, is very different from this physicist's dream.

In Newton's world the laws of physics are independent of time and space; a movie of the motion of the planets would make as much sense run backwards as forwards. You don't have to be a biologist to see that a movie of a human life run backwards, from old age to mewling infancy, makes no sense at all. Yet physicists have always been puzzled by this apparent irreversibility of the arrow of biological as opposed to physical time, for it seemed to elude their mathematical grasp.

There has been a long line of distinguished physicists and chemists who, tired of the simplicities of their own exact sciences, have addressed themselves to biological problems, breaking their conceptual heads over the non-equilibrium, richly interconnected, irreversible — essentially dialectical — nature of biological processes. They have toyed with new descriptions, from negentropy to cybernetics, to describe biological order. Ilya Prigogine, a Nobel-prizewinning physical chemist, follows in this tradition. His new term with which to embrace biological phenomena is *dissipative structures*, that is, forms and processes which depend for their existence on irreversibility, in which order is generated out of what appears at the molecular level as the merest chaos, as when we see from a distance that a random pattern of dots of newsprint is 'in fact' a picture of a well-known face, or when the seemingly random motion of the tide on a sandy beach generates ripples of predictable pattern.

Prigogine has become something of a guru for a new generation of physical scientists beginning to break out of the determinist and reductionist straitjacket imposed not merely by Newtonian but also Einsteinian conceptions of the 'lawfulness' of the universe. For Prigogine, standing Einstein on his head, it is precisely because 'god *does* play dice with the world' that order emerges. For those who approach science from outside, as a cultural phenomenon, Prigogine's emphasis on structure and holism will seem reminiscent of the structuralist tradition in francophone psychology, philosophy and anthropology, from Piaget to Levi-Strauss, though Prigogine himself might eschew the connection.

Fortunately more modest in his philosophical pretentions than many gurus — especially Nobel-prizewinning ones — he has had the prudence in this book, which first appeared in French in 1979, to team up with a philosopher, Isabelle Stengers, to whom, I suspect, are due the more sociologically-oriented first and last parts of the book, leaving the middle of the sandwich to be filled by Prigogine engaging in historical dispute with Newton in order to derive the physics and mathematics of dissipative structures. It is, presumably, to Stengers that we owe the attempt to set this dispute into a more all-embracing theoretical framework.

Don't be misled by the dayglo yellow of the book jacket, the emblazoned tribute to the book by Italo Calvino as 'A passionate meditation on Man and Nature' (his capitals) nor yet the smug foreword by Seventies-pseud Alvin Toffler (he of *Future Shock*; remember?). This is a serious attempt by a physical scientist to come to terms with biologically obvious, but nonetheless profound phenomena; another nail, should that still be needed, in the coffin of a mere mechanical materialism. □

Platonic afternoon

Felicity Napier

Afterwards, we talk about appearance
and reality; strong legs scissor mine.
Is it my right thigh and your left
that is crushed, or my left and your right,
and what is that trapping my hair?

This cave is papered in blue fleurs de lys
and filled with shadows, but how nice,
how comfortable to lie with our lies.
I will keep my head in the stocks for ever.
How loudly ticks your clock, my heart.

Plato says there's a fire out there
on the landing, where things are more real
than the bodies, limbs, sweat, bed
in here. Do we need the truth, really?
You take my hand, unfasten the chains

and lead me out, past the heat of the fire,
down the stairs and into the sunny street.
Shielding my eyes I see a youth uncouple
himself from a lampost. He is waiting
for me to be kissed goodbye and for you.

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Shorter reviews

Recollections: Mainly of Artists and Writers
GEOFFREY GRIGSON *Chatto* £12.50

In 1970 Cyril Connolly began a review of *Notes from an Odd Country*: 'Mr Grigson is now 65 and still gunning for Dame Edith Sitwell.' He's now nearly 80 and still at it.

The approach of *Recollections* is biographical, anecdotal. Each luminary he wishes to elevate or denigrate is encapsulated in a few limpid pages. There is no one more adept at putting the boot in than Grigson, but here at first he is muted. With great hesitation he suggests why he found Cyril Connolly unpleasant; coyly he dismisses his failure to meet Edith Sitwell with 'listening to her was enough'. The whip falls so softly that I wonder why he has troubled to raise his arm.

Grigson the scourge, however, is balanced by Grigson the restorer of faded reputations. His pantheon is presided over by Wyndham Lewis and populated almost exclusively by dead BBC talks producers.

There are genuinely affectionate vignettes of Auden and Ben Nicholson as well, but three-quarters of the way through what has so far been a distinctly vapid book, Grigson looks about him for the boot and finds it still fits. In a few hateful chapters he does his best to tarnish John Piper, John Betjeman and Nikolaus Pevsner. He is entitled to lash out at artists whose personalities or work he dislikes, but it is the manner that is offensive — the sly use of rhetorical questions. Pevsner gets the harshest treatment. Grigson is enraged by his enthusiasm for Victorian art. Recalling that Pevsner had, as a young scholar in Germany, been an expert on European Mannerism, Grigson finds his devotion to British art suspect: 'I cannot deny that in an art sense he is inclined to be time-serving.' This ill-written sentence is profoundly disingenuous; it's as though we had been begging Grigson to deny this calumny but, honest soul that he is, he can't remain silent. It was at this point that I threw this only intermittently illuminating, utterly unhumorous and frequently malicious book across the room.

Stephen Brook

Country Writings
GEOFFREY GRIGSON *Century Publishing* £10.95

Country Writings brings together Geoffrey Grigson's best pieces on the countryside and country matters from the period 1950 to 1970. There is a regional bias towards the West Country — Grigson was born in Cornwall and lives in Wiltshire — with forays into Wales, Ireland and the North. Scotland, he admits, is 'largely a *terra incognita*'.

Surprisingly, perhaps, given his reputation as a slashing critic, the tone throughout is mild and generous. While deploring the depredations of the last 30 years, and especially the architectural vandalism perpetrated in our towns and villages, Grigson doesn't waste too much time in hand-wringing laments. There is still more to discover.

Grigson is very much his own man, and what attracts his interest is seldom the run of the mill. He must be the only person in the country to have marked all the anathoths (places with an echo) in his locality on a 2½-inch Ordnance Survey map, and his independence of taste is signalled early in an avowed preference for the West Riding to the Lakes, whose 'associations have been over-cooked'. As might be expected from the early champion of Auden, he is also drawn to landscapes of 'industrial desolation', where we can experience freedom, without 'notices of the National Trust reminding us of our manners'.

The Trust and similar do-gooding organisations draw virtually the only Grigson acerbic comments in the book. Preservation 'for what'? he demands, kicking against the 'museum spirit of the National Trust'. Grigson accepts the inevitability of change, of the landscape's altering as its resources are exploited, and he is fascinated by the traces left by man's industry, much of which pre-dates the Industrial Revolution. He writes about kelp burners, the haunting remains of lime kilns in Devon and Cornwall, and the Red Hills which were salters' platforms in Essex. Oldest of all — Grigson's chosen monument — are the flint mines of Norfolk, Grimes Graves, dating back over 2000 years.

Literature and landscape (most notably two pieces on the scenic inspirations for 'Kubla Khan'), spas and resorts, the Celtic monastery of Skellig Michael off the west coast of Ireland — whatever his subject, Grigson brings to it a deep but lightly worn knowledge, an alert critical faculty and a poet's eye.

Simon Rae

Riding the Mountains Down
BETTINA SELBY *Gollancz* £9.95

Bettina Selby is 47 years old and bicycled the 5,000 miles from Karachi to Kathmandu. As Dr Johnson remarked, it is not done well, but one is surprised that it is done at all. Mrs Selby's prowess on two wheels is undoubted and she survives blow-outs, head winds and steep gradients with good humour. Yet *Riding the Mountains Down* is little more than a chronicle of unconcealed irritation.

Why don't those naughty natives behave? They will insist on sidling up and leering, stroking and poking, and once or twice things get very nasty and Mrs Selby only escapes being lynched by the squeal of a tyre. Never mind that she is wearing jeans or trousers in countries where women are always covered, that she is on her own and going nowhere in particular like no one they have ever heard of, that she is clearly rich yet on a bike, that she is married and without her husband — don't they understand, she is having an adventure and writing a book about it! One begins to doubt the bona fides of Mrs Selby's complaints of continual sexual harassment when one reads how she refused the gift of Punjabu *selwar* trousers because they were too loose.

In short, when packing her kit (including safety pins but not, to her embarrassment, a 'voluminous skirt for answering calls of nature in the never unpeopled countryside'), Mrs Selby apparently forgot to bone up on the history and customs of the countries she intended to visit. Whether she imagined that people would remain immobile as in a wax museum or simply that there is no difference between the home counties and the Himalayas, one can't tell. By and large, the only decent conduct she encounters is from fellow-Christians. These are also the only ones whom she approaches as on common ground.

Victoria Neumark

The Young Visiters
DAISY ASHFORD *Chatto* £3.95
Daisy Ashford: Her Life
R. M. MALCOMSON *Chatto* £8.95

The Young Visiters is usually a hoot. We laugh partly at the nine-year-old Daisy's precocious but slightly unidiomatic turns of phrase and partly at her imperfect grasp of the adult world. It is a comedy of manners by someone who is not certain what the manners are. Few nine-year-olds have the stamina to create a whole, even short, novel. Few creative artists, fortunately, peak at nine.

The story, spelled and punctuated just as it left the author's small hands in 1890, concerns Mr Salteena, 'an elderly man of 42' who regrets than he is 'not quite a gentleman' and sets out to become one. In a startlingly well integrated sub-plot, Mr Salteena's young friend Ethel rises in society mainly by marrying Bernard Clark, who is 'inclined to be rich'. The bathroom in Bernard's house, for example, features 'a step for climbing up the bath and other good dodges of a rich nature'. At length Mr Salteena succeeds in becoming a gentleman and gets a job galloping after the Prince of Wales' barouch.

Daisy Ashford's mini-career began at age four with a 4,000 word fictional biography of a Jesuit priest who was then visiting her parents. It ended at 14 with 'The Hangman's Daughter'. Instead of becoming an adult novelist, Daisy Ashford became a civil servant and family woman who never wrote imaginative fiction again. *The Young Visiters* was discovered and published when the author was 38. It caused a sensation on both sides of the Atlantic and J. M. Barrie offered to dramatise it. Winston Churchill, among others, thought the book was a hoax written by an adult. But why did Daisy (who undoubtedly wrote the works attributed to her) give it all up at 14? Years later she claimed that she was too lazy to be a writer.

As a biography R.M. Malcomson's book is slight, because it is mainly the story of ancestors and a childhood. Daisy Ashford lived on until 1972, but the last 50 years of her life are, probably rightly for these purposes, summarised in a few pages.

Sarah Lawson

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FICTION

Drawn from life

Roger Lewis

Slow Learner
THOMAS PYNCHON *Cape* £8.50
To Bury Our Fathers
SERGIO RAMIREZ *Readers International* £9.95 & £5.95
Coup d'Etat
JOHN HARVEY *Collins* £9.95
The Killing of Yesterday's Children
M. S. POWER *Chatto* £9.95
The Dark Hole Days
UNA WOODS *Blackstaff Press* £3.50

WHITHER the novel? The question was addressed recently in an Oxford lecture by John Bayley and Iris Murdoch. Why is it that the greatest fiction was produced at the end of the 19th century? Why has the form degenerated into tricksiness? A novel's subject today is commonly the writing of the novel itself. Starting with, say, Sterne and climaxing with, say, Tolstoy, we appear to have returned to the nervous ludic bibliography of *Tristram Shandy*. Books, instead of being about life, show off about being *books*. Literature is now the domain of self-regarding literariness. Clever word games and linguistic puzzles, however, are pallid and papery. *Finnegans Wake* is the novel's protracted swan-song.

Is the dissociation of art from life really so very damaging? Indeed, yes. Even though we no longer expect (as Dickens or George Eliot expected) that the artist can change the world, we expect her or him to belong to it. Not the least pleasure we derive from Henry James comes from the Prefaces to his anthologised short stories and novels. There, he looks back at the effusions of his younger self and wonders how the tales came about. He searches for the germ contracted in life that fermented his art.

It is such germs, such flashes of spirit, that novels subsequently lack. James interrogated his Muse and found himself 'endlessly receptive' to the world he'd passed through. Modern novelists interrogating their Muse will find themselves endlessly receptive only to style and technique. *Money*, one of the best novels for years, is nothing but style and technique.

Consider, then, how eye-opening is **Slow Learner**. Thomas Pynchon, like James, introduces these early short stories (dating from the 1950s and '60s) with a prefatory overture. About his past he is paternal and acute; he is embarrassed to recall his precocious posturing and winces that his motto was 'Make it Literary'. Reading over this neophytic fiction, Pynchon chides himself for the allusive, arch tone. He notes, too, his poor ear for dialect. Ticking himself off, however, allows Pynchon to track his errors as necessary to his education. And education, he knows, never ends. The Preface regards not a still photograph of his younger self but the early, jerky reels of a movie in which he's still starring. And education, he knows, means immersion in the ways of the world — not art: 'As a corollary to writing about what we know, maybe we should add getting familiar with our ignorance.'

In the story 'The Small Rain' Pynchon catches his characters using euphemisms and equating death with sex: 'The language suddenly gets too fancy to read,' he now reckons. Here is the paradox of the Preface: though Pynchon appears to be castigating his own literariness, in the context of the stories themselves the form secretly deepens the content. Similarly, when he rebukes himself for writing from the vantage of immaturity, the writing itself encapsulates what it is like to be immature. Like James, Pynchon cannot help being a great artist from the outset. 'Low-lands' shows how women, to a band of men, are desired to be the pneumatic hoydens from *Playboy*. Pynchon worries that he was one such callous blood. It does not matter. The story knows how to deploy its irony. Entwined in all the author's prose are thick textures of nuance. If this is juvenilia, it is much more than promising. *Slow Learner* shows how Pynchon is a novelist with a great future already behind him.

Contemplating the massive themes of war and peace, the Tolstoyan *Voyna i mir*, how do modern novelists cope here? What fast-pedalling determines bad art? We reach another paradox: art is by-passed when the author is partisan, committed, involved. **To Bury Our Fathers** is a harrowing account of contemporary Nicaragua written by a senior member of the Sandinista government. There is much war, little peace. Six groups are traced through several decades. It is remarkable that Sergio Ramírez achieves what contemplative distancing his novel does contain. **Coup d'Etat**, an epic about Greece under the Colonels by Emmanuel College don John Harvey, suffers, by contrast, from the more prevalent literary fallacy. The title of the first section even alludes to *The Waste Land*. With its mix of philosophy, glamour, intrigue, this is Cambridge crafted Le Carré.

The Killing of Yesterday's Children, despite a brutal cover and lurid title, treats Northern Ireland — Britain's permanent war zone — as a cool game of chess. Disinterest becomes uninterest: 'Nobody survives here if he gets too involved.' M.S. Power investigates the power structures of the Army and of the IRA as these two institutions rotate about Arthur Apple's bent betting-shop. All the characters are given orders by delitescent bosses. A mad world of invisible masters: the promising theme sadly falters as a racy kidnap plot hots up. The slaughter house of Belfast is the subject of **The Dark Hole Days** also. Once more the novelist opts for the sportive, the ludic image. Joe, with dead Da, doting Ma, pretends to play billiards when really he's an apprentice terrorist. Killing is a game and a relief from the dole office. Colette comes from a big and burly family and dreams of jobs and matrimony. She returns from a trip to exotic England to learn of a bereavement. The implication is that Joe's murderous deed is the one Colette will mourn. For the most part, the novel is set out as a trail of diary entries. Una Woods chronicles wasted time. She knows how evil abhors a vacuum and how goodness is conscripted to sing its requiem. □

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FILMS

They do things differently there

John Coleman

Mum (Marthe Nadeau) and daughter (Michèle Magny) strolling through the *Fleurs Sauvages*

Les Fleurs Sauvages (15)
Gate, Bloomsbury
Les Chiens (15)
Minema
The Terminator (18)
Leicester Square Theatre; London release
Finders Keepers (15)
Plaza; London release

WHAT *IS* THE difference between 'art' cinema and the stuff that mostly puts bottoms on seats? Often, in fact, very little, apart from the fact that a foreign language occasion, i.e. one not in some form of English (which admittedly has to be taken to comprehend certain US product), needs subtitles for those ignorant of French, German, Italian or whatever.

'Art' cinema also tends, since it has been strained through the colander of some lunatic risker's sensibility (from a mass of material emanating from an elsewhere or nowhere country) to be quite marvellous, a *trouvaille*, or absolute crap. It is more at the mercy of whims than the calculated fodder — gauged, one assumes, for an audience of six-year-olds and their harum-scarum notions of what is actual — that an increasingly frightened and cynical home and Hollywoodian industry provides.

The week's best films, however marginally, are of exotic provenance, offering a little something for the mind. The French-Canadian Jean Pierre Lefebvre's **Les Fleurs Sauvages** does go on a bit, at 155 minutes, but it is worth staying with, this languid, self-indulgent series of glances at a 70-year-old granny's week-long visit to her daughter's family in the country.

The uptight lady, Simone (Marthe Nadeau), rather marvellously exists, seen frequently in disapproving close-up, heard in voice-over, caught in Lefebvre's pretty fancy switches from colour to black-and-white, framed — as it were — in a superior soap-opera style one is constantly tempted to wash one's hands of. Her 'unconventional' daughter, Michèle (Michèle Magny), a potter wondering if she hasn't feet of clay as well, the photographer husband, Pierre (Pierre Curzi), a nice, stray bloke who took her on when she already had one kid by a previous marriage and made another on her, lovingly, the two children (boy and girl) are all encouraged to look into camera a good deal and spell their hearts out. This *is* an arty film, in that it takes its and our time, lingers over minutiae, makes those tricksy moves from colour to monochrome, and — in one long sequence (an al fresco meal) — lets the actors improvise over their loverly meetings, with in-and-out effects on our receptivity: you could say one hardly knew where to look at moments.

And yet — this is an 'and-yet' and loose affair — one knew exactly where to look at others. It has sharpness, reminding one of the finest *coups* of that knuckle-rapping French director (and 'art' cinema fellow too) Maurice Pialat, formidably family-dissecting. It also has superb interludes of rustic lyricism, where landscape, feathery grass, those *fleurs sauvages* (made up into a bouquet) lend touches of quiet potency.

Alain Jessua made a magnificent first feature, *La Vie à l'Envers*, or 'Life Upside Down' as it was termed when it came into the Academy in late 1964, when I recall expatiating with glee about his drop-out hero's staring steadily at a large tree as if it contained the secret of life. That is an enthusiasm, all-too-parodiable, to which I adhere, resolutely; the tender parts of one's self-exposure on the page to which *Private Eye* might have recourse in its phoney column in a duff week. It is an emblem, the tree and my joy at the chap pensively eye-balling it, of the teetering hazards of what separates art cinema from the grosser footage.

Jessua relishes such knife-edge creations and his **Les Chiens**, made back in 1978, is a very odd and engaging entry into some sort of science-fiction stakes, being set in a New Town and enormously concerned with hounds — to be specific, guard-dogs, trained up to protect the local citizenry by one Morel (Gérard Depardieu, in a sinister and novel transformation). Everything is just that crucial, tentative fragment off-key, as in a nightmare (real, but something's appallingly wrong, waiting behind your back), in this township largely interpreted through a freshly arrived young doctor, who has rapidly to come to terms with rape, delinquency, a whole outcrop of bitten customers. Behind *his* back, and the clever, spooky film's, are racial, non-conformist issues, bleakly manifest in a well-shot (by Etienne Becker) city of dreadful night even when it is day. As an equivocal girl, in an area where nothing is for sure, Nicole Calfan is terrific. The dogs, trained by André Noel, are even better, if your idea of fun is a series of quadruped snarls and assaults.

There's a tameness to the greatly more flashy **The Terminator**, directed by James Cameron without distinction, though surely with sweat over his manipulation of special effects: this is another swoop into the future or, rather, a descent on the present by a baddie (cyborg Arnold Schwarzenegger, whose musculature is assured of a place in history thanks to that crack of Clive James's, after *Pumping Iron*, about his bodywork looking like condoms full of walnuts: here it proves, banally, to be full of metal) and a goodie. Something anent a girl not knowing she's to give birth to a future saviour.

Richard Lester's **Finders Keepers** views like a failed Preston Sturges, a mostly train-bound farrago with coffins, swiped banknotes and a few great jokes: too few to keep it on the rails of entertainment. Dammit. I like Dick Lester's gift for good, popular cinema. This time it went thataway. □

THEATRE

Quick fade

Benedict Nightingale

Great Expectations
adapted by PETER COE *Old Vic*
Vanity Fair
adapted by DECLAN DONNELLAN & NICK ORMEROD *Warehouse*
Gertrude Stein and a Companion
WIN WELLS *Bush*

JONATHAN MILLER recently argued that dramatic adaptations of classics are to be deplored, since they bridle and blinker imaginations which would have free rein were they presented with the written word. For those of us who saw the BBC's *Barchester Chronicles*, for instance, Trollope's Harding unalterably became Donald Pleasence, instead of taking perhaps more plausible shape on the 3-D television screen we keep inside our heads. As this suggests, Miller's main beef was the box, but his argument, for whatever it's worth, would seem to hold as true of the stage; in its support I must admit that I myself can't think of

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Nicholas Nickleby without seeing Roger Rees earnestly gulp and twist or of Smike without David Threlfall stuttering and stumbling red-eyed into mental view.

I don't know whether that would still be the case if I somehow found the time to reread the book; so I can't be sure that Miller's opinion is, as I suspect, patronising to the imagination, which is surely more unpredictable and resilient than he supposes. But I don't expect their present stage adaptations to imprint either the places or the people of **Great Expectations** and **Vanity Fair** indelibly on my brain cells. Part of the reason is plain enough. How could one continue to think of Thackeray's Mayfair as a few grey boxes backed by pastiche drawings by Cruickshank? How allow the shabby lunacy of Miss Havisham's mansion to be defined for all time by a statue of a dog garlanded with ivy, some withered curtains and that cobwebby wedding cake? The minimalism of modern stage design is likely to release rather than limit the imagination. That was the case with *Nich Nick*. That's the case here, though more at the Warehouse than the Vic, where they're apt to bring on doors for the characters to step through and other such unnecessary literalism.

But the human geography isn't the sort mentally to trap us either, though for less clear-cut reasons. With *Great Expectations*, this may simply be because the acting isn't consistently strong enough. Myself, I'd only to blink, and its Pip and Estella both vanished from my memory, along with most of the supporting cast. As I write, I can still see Roy Dotrice's alternately scowling and beaming Magwitch, Collin Johnson's bouncing Herbert Pocket and Sheila Burrell's Havisham, a forlorn crone rather than a mean and batty one; but their images are fading fast. For better or worse or both, only one performer seizes a character and makes it irreducibly his own. Tony Jay is *the* lawyer Jaggers, whatever you, I, Dickens or Miller may have presupposed: a sinister and commanding figure, a pedant of Homeric size and Olympian power. Why have we seen so little of this formidable actor before?

Though Jaggers is the pivot on which the plot turns, even Jay's skill can't prevent its rotation seeming pretty slow and creaky at times. Cheek By Jowl, the company at the Warehouse, brings more momentum and excitement to Thackeray, though it's less lavish with all its resources, including its human ones, which are three women and four men. On to his head goes a ginger wig, on to his face a vacuous gape, and, lo, Martin Turner is no longer the malevolent businessman Osborne but the great gormandising baby Joseph Sedley. And that's a sluggish transformation by the company's pacy standards. One second, Duncan Bell is little Georgey Osborne, the next he's the predatory Marquis of Steyne; and all he's done in the intervening twinkling is stiffen a shoulder and an upper lip.

Is it because of this doubling, trebling, quadrupling that one wouldn't turn from the production to *Vanity Fair* itself with the performers' faces rigidly in one's mind? Not altogether. Rather, it's that everyone manages somehow to remain detached from the characters they're also deftly embodying, helped by a text that often asks them to talk of themselves in the third person: '"My Lord Steyne," said Rebecca Sharp, as they stood beside the crackling fire.' Even Sadie Shimmin, who is that selfsame Becky, seems to be narrating as much as being. In other words, she and all else follow Brechtian principle by suppressing the 'I' and emphasising the 'she' or 'he' in performance. And one effect of this is to keep us aware of the evening's self-imposed limitations as well as its strengths: what the company are successfully sharing is their educated enjoyment of a novel which is still on our shelves or in our local library, which we can still read in our own way, if we wish.

The title of Win Wells's sensitive two-hander at the Bush is, of course, ironic. Could devotion as total as that of Toklas for Stein be summed up by a contemporary's snide soubriquet, 'companion'? No, certainly not; and Natasha Morgan reiterates the point with a performance that manages to remain prickly, vulnerable and caring whether she's selling the household Picassos for the publication of her friend's books, or fending off importunate newspapermen with a defiant 'there are some things a lion cannot do', or quietly letting slip witticisms which, to be frank, her author finds funnier than they are. Oddly enough, I felt less certain about the evening's Stein, though she's played by an actress I've long admired, Miriam Margolyes. At times she has a sort of gunslinger's swagger that makes a line like 'if you come tomorrow, I'll take you to the Luxembourg Gardens' sound like an invitation to some ominous encounter in the OK Corral. Yet at others the sardonic majesty at which she's aiming does not elude her — and the really important emotion, love itself, is scarcely in doubt. □

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OPERA

Debatable

Andrew Clements

Mazeppa
Coliseum
Opera on Record 3
ed. ALAN BLYTH *Hutchinson* £21

NORWEST HOLST is sponsoring three low-budget productions, one each season, at the Coliseum, stagings that will be given a single extended run of performances and then scrapped. *Rienzi* in 1983 was the first and Rossini's *Moses* will end the series in 1985-86. The second is Tchaikovsky's **Mazeppa**, which opened just before Christmas produced by David Alden and conducted by Mark Elder.

The principle of cheap, disposable productions for works which lie on the fringes of the established repertory is a good one and it is typical of English National Opera's enterprise that it should have put it so effectively into practice. Yet this *Mazeppa* demonstrates the dangers in encouraging a producer to make a virtue out of economy. With a sizeable cast and a vitally important role for the chorus it was never likely to be an easy opera to mount in period costume — a story of power politics in the Russia of Peter the Great really merits a degree of visual grandeur which would stretch the budget of the most comfortably appointed opera house.

In recognising this Alden has translated the action to the 20th century, to Soviet Russia some time (he is imprecise on exact detail) in the last 20 years. The web of corruption and intrigue adapts easily to its new context and, though the violence is excessively emphasised — Alden appears to have seen *The Texas Chain Saw Massacre* and *Driller Killer* at an impressionable age — there is nothing which jars too disturbingly. Had it stopped there, there would have been little cause for complaint, but on to this structure is grafted a whole array of inexplicable rituals which do absolutely nothing to elucidate the action and a great deal to destroy the naturalism which the other half of the production aims to evoke. It is, in short, a self-indulgent mess.

Stagings like this raise the point that when an opera is as unfamiliar as *Mazeppa* (this was the first fully staged production in England for 100 years) the producer has a certain obligation to present it with a semblance of fidelity to the composer's scenario. I'm not entirely convinced by this argument, reserving the right for a director of outstanding ability to present the work as he conceives it regardless of the circumstances (Patrice Chéreau's première production of the complete *Lulu* in Paris vindicated that) but this *Mazeppa* gives the worst of all possible worlds.

It is a shame, for musically the performance had a great deal to commend it. Lovers of the Tchaikovsky of the *Manfred Symphony* will find the unquenchable melodic invention of *Mazeppa* irresistible; there are many gorgeous tunes and the composer was not above a spot of self-plagiarising when the occasion demanded it — the *1812* Overture is plundered to furnish the symphonic battle scene which opens the third act. There is unevenness, passages which do no more than go through the motions (the chorus which ends the first act is embarrassingly banal), but the good decisively outweighs the mediocre. Elder conducts as if he believed in the strength of the score and is not going to let any nonsense on stage deflect him from his duty and, perversely, Alden has obtained some fine portrayals from his singers, particularly Janice Cairns's tragic Maria, Richard Van Allen's Kochubey and, especially, Malcolm Donnelly's reptilian account of the title role. At least it is an unfailingly interesting evening.

Even the capacious surveys of the three volumes that make up **Opera on Record** stop

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short of a comparative treatment of *Mazeppa*, though this final collection of essays does explore some pretty arcane territory. Opera sets tend to stay in the gramophone catalogue rather longer than other discs, so this consumer guide will remain useful for far longer than many of its kind. And of course opera buffs retain an unhealthy fascination with the tiniest historical details of their passion and are always willing to compare 50-year-old versions of this or that aria. *Opera on Record* manages to satisfy that faction, but, at the same time, generally includes useful studies of the operas themselves.

All the well known works have been covered in the first two books and, where major composers are concerned, mopping operations are now in order — Verdi is represented by *Nabucco* and *Sicilan Vespers*, Puccini by *Manon Lescaut* and *Fanciulla*, Wagner not at all. The 20th century fares better here than before: there is a fascinating account of *Bluebeard's Castle* by David Murray and an enthusiast's survey of Kurt Weill by Rodney Milnes that includes the American musicals. These, together with Max Loppert's studies of two Donizettis and Richard Osborne's *William Tell*, are the book's prize blooms. Less satisfactory is the interminable treatment of *Mignon*, the longest discussion of a single opera in any of the three volumes, and an inadequate ragbag called 'English Opera in the 20th Century', which bundles together Delius, Holst, Vaughan Williams and Tippett, treats the first pair thoroughly, the third adequately and Tippett without obvious sympathy or understanding. He would have better been omitted altogether than discussed in such uncomprehending, faintly patronising terms.

The project, despite its sometimes irritating inconsistencies (the first volume in general treated operas less thoroughly than its successors), has been a useful one, generally well executed. Even divorced from a knowledge of the opera recordings discussed it makes enlightening reading; no book of this kind could hope to achieve more. □

PLANNING

Lock and quay

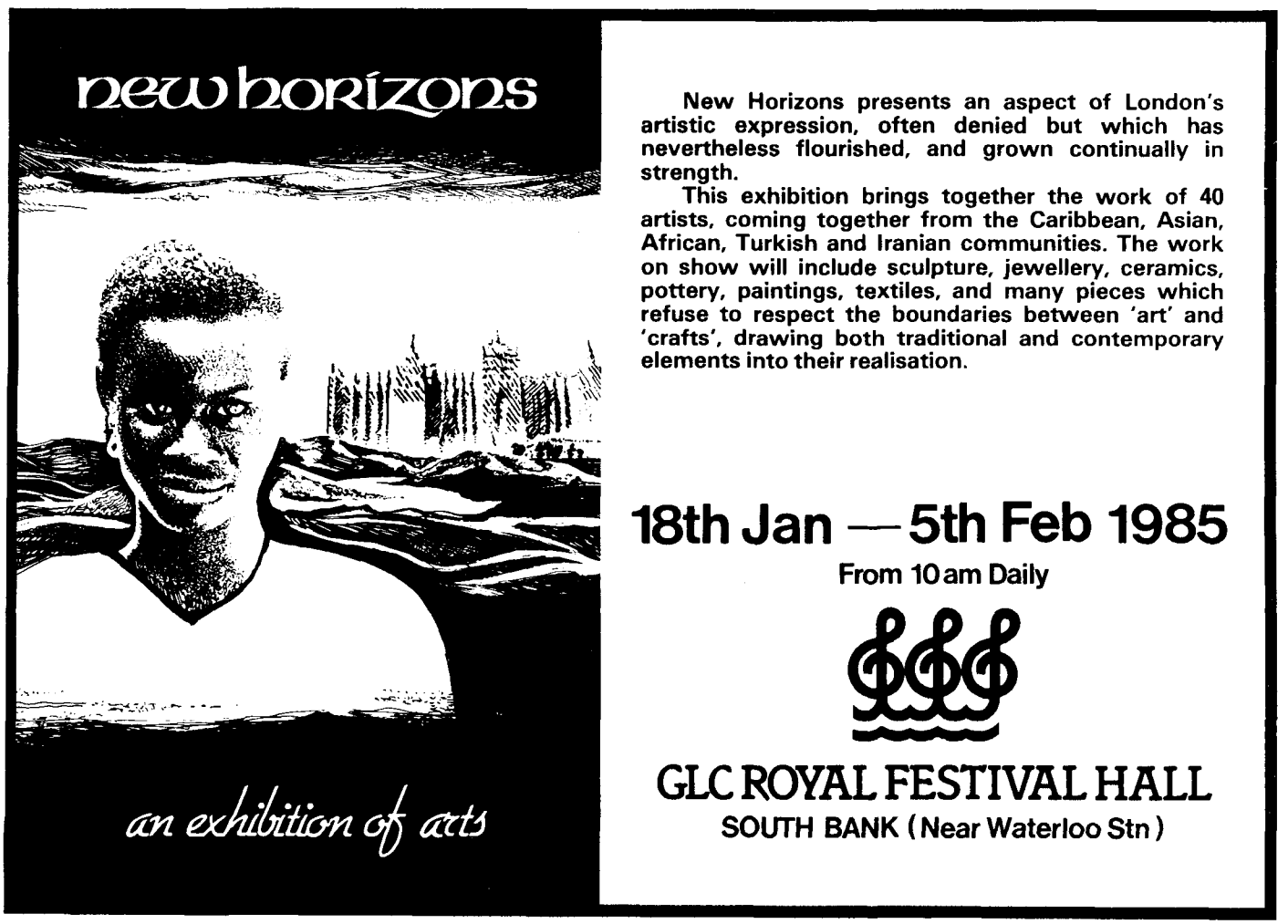
Jules Lubbock

AN IMMINENT decision is expected from the Planning Inquiry into the future of Limehouse Basin (*NS* 9 March '84). By all accounts the Inspector will advise against Richard Seifert's scheme to encircle the lock basin with 436 vernacular-style luxury houses and 100,000 sq ft of offices, but the Secretary of State will overrule him and grant consent, with some restrictions upon how much of the basin Seifert is allowed to fill in.

It is unheard of for even a whisper to emerge of forthcoming planning decisions and one must assume that some people, including perhaps Mr Jenkin, feel very uneasy about this one. Mr Jenkin has made some enlightened decisions recently — telling the National Gallery to think again about its extension and refusing permission for the Diorama building to be turned into offices. Limehouse Basin, in Docklands, may be out of sight, but its bearing upon effective policies for inner city regeneration makes it as important, if not more so.

Let me remind readers that Limehouse Basin is the dock connecting the Port of London with the whole national system of inland waterways and was closed to commercial traffic in 1969. The area under inquiry is owned by the British Waterways Board and consists of 10½ acres of water surrounded by 11½ acres of land, partly derelict, partly occupied by businesses employing some 600 people. But this is less than half of a larger area between Commercial Road and the Thames consisting of the historic heart of Limehouse around Hawksmoor's majestic church of St Anne, the old Town Hall (now the Museum of Labour History) and the public library. To the east there is an estate of medium-and high-rise flats, while along the waterfront — the birthplace of the SDP — gentrification is underway.

At issue is how best to use the Waterways Board's property to achieve everyone's aim of regenerating the whole area. The only merit of Seifert's scheme, which would fill in 4½ acres of the basin, is that it is a no-frills solution to produce quick results. It has been strongly criticised on the grounds that it would create a rich man's ghetto, would privatise the basin, is completely unintegrated with the historical and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architectural character of Limehouse, but, above all, that it would effectively destroy this unique oportunity to revive the whole area by using the potentially enormous appeal of the basin as a magnet. Seifert's concept is so brutally unimaginative that one cannot imagine it taking him more than two minutes. By the standards of some commercial property developers, who have produced sensitive schemes in cooperation with community groups, Seifert's scheme is rock-bottom.

These points were put to the inquiry by the Limehouse Development Group — representing the local community. The principle underlying their alternative is that one should build upon and exploit the value of what is already there, namely the basin, its locks and the arches of Robert Stephenson's pioneering urban railway, and link their redevelopment with neighbouring derelict sites in other ownership so as to stimulate a thriving recreational and commercial centre for Limehouse, one which would benefit all sections of the existing community, as well as attracting new residents and outside users.

They propose the establishment of a Limehose Development Trust, comprising all interested parties, which would take over all the development sites including the basin. A programme would be phased over a period of years using the profits to finance successive stages. They aim to develop the basin as a terminus for the national canal system, with workshops and boatyards, with the wharves as a possible site for the proposed Docklands Museum and as a market. Small-scale housing development in the middle price range would be built privately and by housing associations. Transport to and through the area would be improved and community facilities would be created.

One might have imagined that this partnership between the public and the private sectors to create the conditions for enterprise to flourish in Limehouse would have delighted Mr Jenkin. This government has already encouraged development trusts to deal, for example, with a hard-to-let council estate near Liverpool. Mr Jenkin himself is quoted as saying recently that while 'government is there to help prime the pump and offer advice; the impetus, the initiative and above all the will to tackle local problems must come from the local community itself.' And he concluded: 'This is the central message of what we are about today.' Such ministerial pronouncements normally have the force of policy. Why then is he about to frustrate just such an initiative, with five years' research behind it, and impose Seifert's back-of-an-envelope, ham-fisted botch?

The government needs more success stories and more innovative thinking on urban regeneration. Mr Jenkin's civil servants are certainly aware that the LDG's plan is not some untested, pie-in-the-sky approach but one that draws upon the success of similar schemes in several English and American cities. They are certainly familiar with the theory behind the LDG's proposals since the LDG's planning consultant, Nick Falk, sits on a DoE advisory committee. Before making a blunder over an asset of national importance I urge Mr Jenkin to take his adviser's advice. His private secretary will have Mr Falk's telephone number. □

Nick Maland

L. R. Gofton

Pubs and posers

AN AVERAGE Friday night in Newcastle, and Rocco's Bar was, as the natives have it, 'heaving'. The bar was busy, but even here, in the drinking capital of England, the drinking was clearly secondary. Most of the patrons were, a young librarian informed me laconically, 'posing'.

Pubs are not what they were and drinking styles have changed dramatically over the past few years. 'The Posers Pub' is a recent innovation, by disco, out of wine bar. Aimed at the middle-class consumer and the affluent young, these pubs express social and economic changes in the region and point to a breakdown in the patterns of sociability which went with traditional occupational communities in the North East.

Pubs of the old kind developed as a result of industrialisation; they evolved out of taverns, ale houses and gin palaces to cater for the new urban poor and they brought together the folk traditions of communality and sociable hedonism with the necessary escape from a harsh working regime and poor housing conditions. They were sited in city centres because that was where the urban poor lived and their character reflected the communities they served. In the North East, there were communities of miners, shipbuilders and steelworkers, families in which men worked at hard, dangerous, physical labour while women struggled to look after their men and children in poor, cramped and squalid housing. Family roles were immutable; men and women lived, for much of the time, separate lives.

After the day's work, the men came home for a meal and then went out for a 'session' with their 'marrers'. Women stayed in, sometimes visiting each others' houses or talking on the doorstep. Drinking was a male domain; men learned to drink when they came of age, and strictly observed the rules of the ritual. Only certain drinks were considered appropriate (ales); only certain glasses were acceptable, the drink had to look right (particularly the head) and was usually served in pints. Outsiders did it differently.

The 'session' was the occasion on which social relationships were formulated and celebrated, and these social relationships derived from the economy of the region. Roles within leisure socialising were extensions of work roles.

The breakdown of these communities has proceeded at an ever-increasing rate over the past few years. Shipbuilding and steelwork have all but succumbed; mining is now singled out for its turn. As the economic structure has

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been eroded, so the towns and cities have changed. Newcastle is no longer a centre of resident population but a focal point for commerce, business and entertainment. The pubs serve a different market now.

During the day the customers are business people, looking for somewhere to have a working lunch, or shoppers. This is a middle-class market, with different tastes and expectations. Middle-class men drink to express their individuality rather than to signal their membership of a particular class group. Middle-class women, of course, expect to be included in leisure drinking in a way in which working-class women did not. These are not 'session' drinkers; they 'pop in'. Pubs are populated by strangers rather than by close-knit groups who regard them as their 'domain'.

At night a new group takes over these pubs. They are the 'posers', young people who travel into the city centre looking for adventure and entertainment. Their drinking styles make a sharp contrast with the traditional order. They drink less often, they go out at weekends, they are more health conscious and they have clearly rejected the image of the cloth-cap drinker along with the drinks he favoured. They move from pub to pub in order to see and be seen. They want surroundings which express affluence, a fluid, mobile social identity. They cultivate image and style.

Men now drink lager — always, under the old rules, a woman's drink. They drink cider too and, worst of all, they mix lager and cider! The pubs they use are temples of ersatz imagery. But, though their surroundings and their clothes are important, so too are their 'snakebites', their cocktails, their Budweiser. For drinks are part of the style for Rocco's Bar drinkers, too, marking them out from the old order. The worst crime, for youth of the Eighties, is to be boring; traditions in drinking are just as much a target for derision as those in clothes or music.

The new order demands *lebensraum* and this has led to the colonisation of city-centre pubs by the shock troops in their jodhpurs and designer jeans. The older drinkers have withdrawn to their enclaves in the working-men's clubs and back streets of Wallsend, leaving the commercial heights to the young, the taxi drivers and the police.

The older drinkers obviously resent this change in the social fabric of the region and are far from convinced that it is all to the good. Drink may not be so important to the young, but the new leisure patterns emphasise competitive consumption and seem to lack the controls which were part of the old institutions. The demise of the old industries has opened up a gap between generations as the young are denied contact with older people in the work-place, while the segregating of working-class families on the housing estates, the retreat into electronic leisure in the home have led to the decline of 'companies' and session drinking.

The decay of traditional working-class communities and their institutions may seem like a good thing to those who see in them only ignorance, poverty and limited horizons. If they are to be replaced by competitive, individual consumerism, however, it seems to most of the older generation at least as though we have made a poor trade. □

Naseem Khan

Voices off

THE DEVIL, some might say, has had all the best tunes in the past. Books about the arts world — picture histories, memoirs of knights — have unremittingly reflected the mainstream. Indeed, until recently, you'd be hard put to find any reflection of the activity that goes on at the so-called margins. Is there life outside Shaftesbury Avenue? (Or Bond Street? Or Covent Garden?) On the evidence of the bulk of publishers' lists, with a very few exceptions, the ignorant would surely answer no.

It's possible to conjecture till the cows come home why there should be such a dearth. Folly and shortsightedness, might say Owen Kelly: author of one of a number of books finally to have broken the silence on 'alternative' arts. His *Community, Art and the State* (Comedia) is matched for abrasiveness by Akua Rugg's sharp-tongued *Brickbats and Bouquets* (Race Today Publications) and for boldness of thought by Ken Worpole's *Reading By Numbers* (Comedia).

Akua Rugg, as readers of *Race Today* will know, has been writing on the black arts in that magazine for a considerable time. *Brickbats and Bouquets* brings together reviews that date from 1975 till last January. But, even though many of the events that she records are (mercifully) lost in the mists of time, the lessons she draws from them are often as fresh as ever. She is stern, for instance, on black playwrights all too ready to take up stereotypes about the black situation. ('The bandwagon they're riding,' Ms Rugg warns sombrely, 'could turn into a hearse.') She is critical about glossy photographers who present deprived black youth as 'winsome passive victims of circumstance' and, on films, she considers rip-offs, like Island Records' *Countryman* ('Alas, poor Marley! He deserved a better epitaph than this'). Her collection, it must be said, suffers from bittiness — many of the 31 reprinted pieces are the standard 500-word review length.

Not all the pieces match the extended consideration that she gives Farrukh Dhondy's play *Mama Dragon* (one of the most thoughtful pieces in the book — and out of it). But what *Brickbats and Bouquets* needs above all — apart from a more original title — is some sort of context: either an extended introduction or a grouping of items with connecting forewords that would serve the same function. Notwithstanding, it is a searching collection and a useful companion to start this week of the GLC's 2nd Black Theatre Season.

Ken Worpole's *Reading By Numbers* is another salutory corrective exercise. His field is the much undervalued one of popular literature — not the prestigious end of the market that goes in for prizes but the end that is the staple diet for a rather larger section of the market: the bestsellers, romances, detective books, women's magazines, cartoon and comic book archetypes. Are they rubbish, as one's taught? Should one hide them shamefacedly ('What are you reading, Miss?' Catherine in *Northanger Abbey* is asked: 'Oh! it is only a novel!')? Or are they evidence of a sterling popular culture with roots that go back longer than one imagines?

Part of the delight of Worpole's lively and well researched book is the factual information, both quirky and telling, with which it is packed (though readers might be surprised at the speed with which Ursula Bloom writes — on page 19 she is credited with 420 novels; by page 34 this has risen to over 500). He is very good on early subscription libraries and on the historical constraints placed on the wider circulation of radical works like Thomas Paine's *Rights of Man* as well as present-day constraints built into the mainstream distribution system. Similarly, if you want to find out how many men serving in the 8th Army in the war were writing poetry, how many pounds a word Harold Robbins now makes, or if feminist-influenced children's fiction has turned into 'This is Jane, She is welding a new flange bracket to the chassis', this is the place to look. But the book's major strength is the argument it builds up, almost unobtrusively, through its somewhat discursive spread. The examples and categories on which Worpole concentrates all exemplify human resourcefulness. Forms submerged for a time burst through in new guises (from broadsheets to Dylan); genres change in response to democratic demand; collaboration, as opposed to isolated creation, 'can create a better writing, a more individual voice'.

Worpole on the whole keeps theory at arm's length. Owen Kelly's *Community, Art and the State* places it well in the forefront, where, he argues, it should always have been.

Briefly, Kelly's argument is that community arts have been gravely undermined by an absence of coherent political theory, a deliberate fudging or pragmatism condoned by the early doyens of the Association of Community Artists in order to get funding. The result has been, he says, a distortion of the community arts field in response to Arts Council and regional arts association criteria and a naivety that has made most of its practitioners 'no more revolutionary than the district nurse'.

Community, Art and the State is a valuable, long overdue call to define objectives, an antidote to not only sloppy thinking but the complacency that has bedevilled community arts from its formulation in the '60s. It can be argued that Kelly demands too much of the early days, that theory is best discovered through practice rather than laid down initially as a blueprint. Also the prospect of the loss of metropolitan funding after '85 makes local authorities far more important than Kelly allows. But his call for 'cultural democracy', for a new relationship with funding bodies and for decentralisation — 'The compulsory imposition of centrally controlled systems of value is poisonous, and there is no such thing as a fair or equitable dose of poison' — is an important one. His book will stimulate, irritate, challenge and inform. In short, required reading. □

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TELEVISION

Hugo Williams

Kitchen sink

'ALL WOMEN are interested in kitchens,' asserts house-workaholic Jane Hopcraft (brilliantly played by Maureen Lipman) sponging down the fridge prior to her husband's loan-seeking-cum-social-climbing Christmas drinks party in the first act of Alan Ayckbourn's masterpiece **Absurd Person Singular** (BBC-1). That people will always take refuge in that most dangerous of downstairs rooms, every surface swabbed for combat, is the postulate for a backstage domestic class skirmish which never hesitates to hurt.

'I don't want to let you down,' says social disaster area Lipman to her husband (Nicky Henson) preparing to be upwardly mobile and blowing up a rubber glove. 'I want everything to look right for you.' Appearances have eggshell skulls in Ayckbourn and every head must be broken in order to make the omelette. Mrs Hopcraft has left her shoes in the lounge and Sidney has to fetch them for her through the guests. Social suicide. He can't find the bottle opener because his wife has placed it on the mantelpiece as an ornament.

Enter Prunella Scales, hilarious as the dipso middle-class element in search of a drink transfusion. 'Darling, Sidney built this shelf by himself,' she yawns to her husband Geoffrey Palmer. 'Good lord,' says Palmer, thumbing the washer manual. Mrs Hopcraft is now suffering the social thumbscrew of having forgotten the bitter lemon. She pulls on wellies and mac and braves heavy rain to fetch some, only to get locked out of her own kitchen. We see her mouthing to her husband through the glass as he tackles an indifferent Palmer, still thumbing the manual.

How to describe the Bunuelian chaos that constitutes Act II? The party this time is given by manic depressive and multi-suicide-bidder Cheryl Campbell & spouse (Michael Gambon), whom Lipman discovers with her head in the oven and assumes to be at the housework. 'Don't you worry about that oven now, no point in damaging your health for an oven I say.' She sets about cleaning it herself while Campbell scribbles suicide notes and Sidney uses the back of them to sketch out the problem of a blocked sink for her.

The act's final tableau resembled the famous beggar's last supper desecration in *Viridiana*, with Geoffrey Palmer electrified mending the overhead light, Nicky Henson receiving the reddish oven-water full in the face while fixing the blocked sink and Cheryl Campbell prostrate on the kitchen table singing 'The Twelve Days of Christmas' in the clear belief that she is mercifully dead. 'I'm sorry,' says Miss Scales with the drunk's odd fondness for understatement, 'but I've never seen anything quite so ludicrous in my life.'

The last act shifts the blood-letting to the kitchen of Scales and Palmer and the form one notch further into pain, absurdity and displacement. The heating is off. Palmer crouches to his oil-burner as his guests troop in for yuletide joy on the rocks. 'Is that dust on the hall table or ice?' Like many people in this weather Palmer stores the butter in the fridge 'to keep it soft'. 'Here I come,' he says, pushing the drinks trolley, 'the Trans-Siberian Express.' God I laughed.

Scales comes downstairs without make-up, having not seen her husband for weeks. 'Do you know what I saw on the landing? My face!' She breaks down. 'When you've been in bed for a long time on your own your whole world begins to crowd in on you until your head is completely filled with self-loathing . . .' Depression hangs over all like a stick of dry mistletoe until the idea of cold-shouldering the common Hopcrafts activates their frigid class muscles to a last effort. They douse the lights and stand motionless, but the Hopcrafts gain entry by the back door, bearing gifts: a bell for a deceased alsatian (an indiscriminate bark-track in the previous act) and a bottle of gin for Miss Scales.

They wish to play a game and start rolling back the carpet. 'Is she going to be terribly sweet and wash our floor?' asks Miss Scales. No, what the Hopcrafts have in mind is Musical Forfeits, which they enforce with a rod of iron. 'Everybody dance! Dance till the music stops.' Forfeits include gin-swallowing and holding an apple between your legs while dancing. Scales gets a further forfeit for throwing a boo-boo. 'Faster, faster!' hisses Sidney. 'More forfeits over here. Dance, dance, dance.'

And so we leave them in this grotesque parody of festivity, jigging on a string like so many dead stoats on a gibbet. A tidy morsel for New Year's Day 1985. Bravo, and well-scheduled the BBC!

Commercials for the Arab-oriented Harrods, inserted at regular intervals into **A Woman of Substance** (C4) led one to the conclusion that this women's serial about a skivvy's rise to a retail fortune in an identical department store must be one of those hastily-assembled bits of editorialising to frame a carefully-planned advertising campaign, along the lines of those on costume jewellery, package holidays and cheapo audio rip-offs concocted round Christmastime by the colour supplements when I was on them. Harrods becomes Hartes and Deborah Kerr becomes Jenny Seagrove in flashback, abused uninterestingly by all and sundry in the bestseller's classic excuse for social-clawing and sexual blackmail. However, even my goldfish was two burps ahead of these doddering plot-steps.

The only note of tension was provided by a curious sub-plot of moustaches, whose width, I noted with clean-shaven *schadenfreude*, was always in inverse proportion to the pretty heroine's sexual interest in their owners. Peter Chelsom, clean shaven while impregnating Emma, forgets to shave and receives the elbow. Would-be paramour Christopher Guard fluffs his rape scene due to lip-fur. John Duttine, Barry Bostwick and Christopher Gable, variegated lovers, husbands and moustaches, forfeit her love on account of hairiness. Only Joris Stuyck manages to rhyme with what he does to her, for he is a smooth man, if nothing else. □

Weekend competition

No 2855 Set by Ms de Meaner

You're going to get too big for your boots and *someone* will have to squander her energies knocking you back down to size, but, once again, I'm forced to pass on an implicit homage to your talents. This time, it's the venerable trinity of Wyndham's Theatre, EMI and Methuen the Publisher which honours you, by asking, humbly, whether you might care to compete with its protégé, Adrian Mole, in the poetry-writing stakes. You have, I'm assuming, *heard* of Mole. One-time radio cult figure, currently star of print, stage and disc, this acne-ed adolescent is the author of verses like this:

> Little Brown Horse
> Eating apples in a field,
> Perhaps one day
> My heart will be healed.
> I stroke the places Pandora has sat
> Wearing her jodphurs and riding hat.
> Goodbye, brown horse.
> I turn and retreat,
> The rain and mud are wetting my feet.

Well, my little ones, how about it? A Mole-style poem on any subject to have moved the cockles of your heart? Tough, I acknowledge, but worth it: the above mentioned trinity is offering the winner not only a copy of Sue Townsend's *The Secret Diary of Adrian Mole* (Methuen), not only *The Secret Record of Adrian Mole* (EMI), but two tickets to the play of the book at Wyndham's theatre in London. Entries by 23 January. Let's show 'em!

No 2852 Set by Margaret Rogers

Mnemonic verses to help us remember what contemporary acronyms or jargon words mean.

Report By Ernest Oswald fflap

A slim kind of offering — as frail as the twiglets that poke through the mists above Putney Common on winter mornings such as these. . . Ah! *Mais où est le soleil d'antan*? as the bard of Paris might have asked. And where your rumbustious, pre-Christmas oomph? To those who've struggled from hibernation to produce the following (*more* or less memorable) mnemonics, eight sovereigns per head.

A middle ground of sinking sands;
Come, let us reason and shake hands;
A thin rope in a tug o' war;
See? That's what ACAS functions for.

BASIL RANSOME-DAVIES

P is for public,
  but not you and me,
'Cos S is for sector
  and that's them, you see.
B is for borrowing,
  they always do that,
And R's their requirement:
  here comes the hat.

PETER MARKS

Two for the Price of One

'When the angels sing *Gloria*, what do they mean?'
'They mean "glory", old chap.' 'You're mistaken, old bean:
It's an acronym thought up by someone quite sick
To denote *Geological Long-Range ASDIC*.'

'What's *ASDIC*?' 'A sly, ultrasonic machine
That you use to locate a concealed submarine.'

GERARD BENSON

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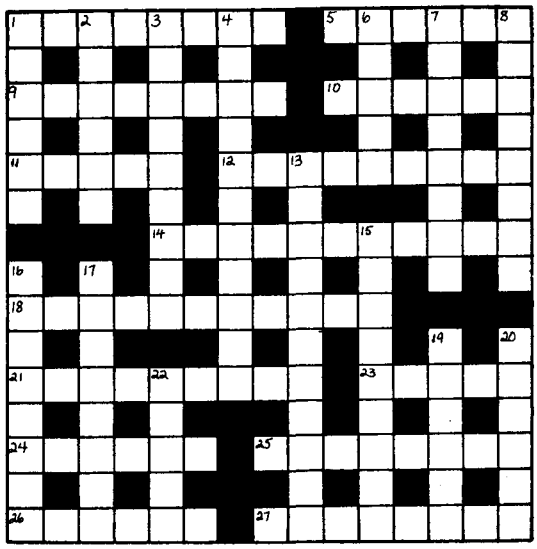
Weekend Crossword 1465

PRIZES: £5 Book Tokens for the first three correct solutions opened. Entries to Crossword 1465, New Statesman, 14-16 Farringdon Lane, London EC1R 3AU, by first post 22 January.



Name _____

Address _____

_____

_____

ACROSS

1. Deliver to the detective to take into custody (8)
5. Poetic version of a raid taking place in ancient times (6)
9. Breaches of confidence by a publisher may start a meal (4,4)
10. Illness is not relevant without a purpose (6)
11. Place in which to compete in bare nakedness (5)
12. Turn of speed last provided for the supporters (9)
14. Removes hope by making a woman undermine purposes (11)
18. Hobby enthusiast has a letter with a recent catalogue (11)
21. State of individuals entering the country (9)
23. After a very quiet introduction this fish would make an advance (5)
24. British rule goes in to give a hiding to a Roman Emperor (6)
25. Weakening until I do reform (8)
26. Exists in the interval to provide opposition (6)
27. Song and idea composed when under stress (8)

DOWN

1. Where men hold everything up (6)
2. Required to make a joint numb by the sound of it (6)
3. Prophet caught by fool and artist (9)
4. A number of advertisements for beds (11)
6. Collect for a team as Saturday approaches (5)
7. Scorns what is carelessly said during rows (8)
8. Animal seen in heraldic figure looks most stupid (8)
13. Copying and so deceiving about a hundred in the back end (11)
15. Place for an animal above the stream (9)
16. Put a bob on whith wone who produces a book for a runner (8)
17. Device which gives one a turn with a girl (8)
19. Females with unusual ideals (6)
20. Drank, we hear, and then complained (6)
22. Approaches getting into a fine Arsenal team (5)

SETSQUARE

Solution to 1464

B	O	N	D	I	■	C	A	B	A	L	L	E	R	O
E	■	E	■	O	■	A	■	O	■	A	■	M	■	P
S	C	A	R	L	A	T	T	I	■	D	E	B	U	T
T	■	R	■	A	■	S	■	L	■	D	■	E	■	E
R	I	S	I	N	G	■	R	E	F	I	L	L	E	D
E	■	■	■	T	■	E	■	D	■	E	■	L	■	■
W	I	N	C	H	E	S	T	E	R	■	R	I	O	T
E	■	E	■	E	■	T	■	G	■	S	■	S	■	O
D	A	N	N	■	K	I	N	G	F	I	S	H	E	R
■	■	S	■	A	■	M	■	S	■	G	■	■	■	M
B	R	A	S	S	H	A	T	■	E	N	C	O	R	E
I	■	G	■	T	■	T	■	A	■	A	■	B	■	N
L	E	E	C	H	■	I	N	S	O	L	V	E	N	T
G	■	N	■	M	■	N	■	K	■	L	■	S	■	E
E	S	T	R	A	N	G	E	S	■	Y	I	E	L	D

Prizewinners to 1464

David Gibson (Upton, Wirral)
Mrs J. Nicoll (Aberdeen)
Mrs M. Woods (Stoneyburn, W. Lothian)

★ Classified Ads ★ Phone 01-251 5487 ★

APPOINTMENTS

LABOUR RESEARCH DEPARTMENT

has a vacancy for the **Editor** of its monthly publication ***Labour Research***. The post requires journalistic/editorial experience as well as commitment to and experience in the Trade Union and Labour movement. The successful candidate will be required to make a significant contribution to the research work of the LRD.

Salary £9,630 (under review); 27 days holiday.
Applications in writing together with the names of two referees to: **The Secretary, LRD, 78 Blackfriars Road, London SE1 8HF by 31 January 1985.**

BANKING INSURANCE AND FINANCE UNION
RESEARCH ASSISTANT

A vacancy has arisen for a Research Assistant in the Research Department of the Banking Insurance and Finance Union.

The work of the department is an essential part of the Union's service to its members and covers the wide range of matters relevant to their employment.

Formal qualifications are not essential, but proven ability, experience of trade union work and knowledge of industrial relations or relevant subject areas would be an advantage.

The position is based at the Union's headquarters in Wimbledon. Commencing salary is £9,860 per annum and application forms can be obtained from **The Research Officer, BIFU, 17 Hillside, Wimbledon, London SW19 4NJ. Tel 01-946 9151.**

Closing date for receipt of completed application forms is **31 January 1985.**

BIFU is an equal opportunities employer.

CITY OF WESTMINSTER
Chief Executive's Department

SECRETARY
to the Leader of the Opposition

£7,455 - £8,196 p.a. inc.
(pay award pending)

An experienced and efficient person is required to take on this newly created post, providing full personal assistance to the Leader of the Opposition. Must have good shorthand/audio typing skills and preferably be able to operate a Word Processor. As you will be working in a busy environment you will need to be hard working, adaptable and able to work under pressure. You should be able to work efficiently and with minimum supervision. Confidence when dealing with people and a good telephone manner are essential qualities.

Offices in Victoria Street. 20 days holiday per year plus 1 day off every 4 weeks. Interest free season ticket loan available. Restaurant facilities.

To obtain application form please send postcard, telephone or call at the Personnel Management Division (Ref: CE45), PO Box 240, Westminster City Council, City Hall, Victoria Street, SW1E 6QP, telephone number 01-834 5958 (24 hour ansafone service). Closing date: 25 January 1985.

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APPOINTMENTS

NATIONAL COMMUNITY DEVELOPMENT ADVISER

is required to play a central part in a British Refugee Council programme amongst the Vietnamese community in the UK. She/he would work closely with the Regional Officers involved in the programme and have major responsibility for liaison and negotiation with relevant statutory and voluntary agencies and with central and local government departments.

The person appointed will probably have experience of refugee needs and be between 30 and 50 years of age. Knowledge of and the ability to communicate with the Vietnamese would be an asset.

This is a re-advertisement; previous applicants will automatically be considered for the post.

Reply to: **The General Secretary, The Ockenden Venture, Guildford Road, Woking, Surrey GU22 7UU.**

TRADES UNION CONGRESS REGIONAL SECRETARY

A full time Regional Secretary is required for the TUC East Anglia Regional Council.

The region covers Cambridgeshire, Norfolk and Suffolk. The person appointed will be responsible for the functioning and administration of the Regional Council and its Executive Committee and sub-committees; initiating and organising the activities of the council; liaising with the TUC nationally on all aspects of the work of the council and representing the Regional Council at Trade Union and other meetings. The Regional Secretary will be responsible to the Council and its Executive Committee for implementing regional trade union policies and to the TUC General Secretary.

The person appointed will need a sound knowledge of the TUC and its affiliated unions both nationally and locally, and proven administrative and representative ability.

The position will be paid on a scale £9,141 - £12,376.48.

Trade Unionists with relevant experience are invited to write as soon as possible for an application form and further details to: **The General Secretary, Trades Union Congress, Congress House, Great Russell Street, London WC1B 3LS.**

The TUC is an equal opportunities employer.

CHIEF EXECUTIVE

The West Midlands Enterprise Board has a successful and innovative record as a development capital company whose main aim is to stimulate industrial growth in the region by providing long term finance to medium and large companies.

The Chief Executive is responsible to the Board and will be expected to lead a team of skilled staff committed to working with West Midlands companies to evaluate detailed business plans and monitoring reports which combine financial, industrial relations and sectoral considerations.

Candidates must have proven financial and managerial experience as well as an active appreciation of the aims and policies of the Enterprise Board.

Salary in the range of circa £22,000 plus car and relocation help.

Please write by 26th January, in confidence, with full career details to:

Geoff Edge, Chairman
West Midlands Enterprise Board Limited,
Lloyds Bank Chambers, 75 Edmund Street, Birmingham B3 3HD.
Tel: 021-236 8855.

WEST MIDLANDS
ENTERPRISE BOARD LTD

EAST SUSSEX. Author requires someone, 20-45, for general secretarial assistance which will involve driving once a fortnight on research trips in Southern England. One night away. Remuneration negotiable. Box 9891.

OV SELECTION have a number of vacancies for temporary & permanent office staff with typing skills. We welcome enquiries from mature people as well as College leavers. Phone Odette Veazey, OV Selection (Emp. Agy), Abford House, 15 Wilton Road, London SW1V 1LT. 01-828 8345.

VOLUNTEER WANTED to help in vital political campaign. Must be committed trade union activist and Labour Party member. Must hold driving licence and be free over the next eight months to travel round the country. Expenses only paid. Replies by 18 Jan. Box 9897.

WILDCAT STAGE PRODUCTIONS

Scotland's professional touring music theatre company requires an experienced

GENERAL MANAGER

to be responsible to the artistic director and Board of Management for the administration and financial control of the company.

Apply by **7 February 1985** with C V (please enclose SAE) to:

Wildcat Stage Productions
37 Otago Street,
Glasgow G12 8JJ
Tel. 041-334 4866

APPOINTMENT WANTED

HARD WORKING 45 year-old male, experience in administration and journalism, seeks immediate position. Anything considered. Box 9892.

FINANCIAL

FINANCE HOUSE. *Business, mortgage and* personal brokerage etc. 705 Moston Lane, Manchester M10 9QD. 061-682 7130.

IMMEDIATE ADVANCES £100-£25,000. Written terms on request. Regional Trust Ltd, 31 Dover St, London W1A 4RT. 01-491 2934.

SALARIED PERSONS Postal Loans Ltd. Loans from £50. 175 Regent Street, London W1. For written quote apply: Tel. 01-734 1974.

GENERAL SERVICES

AUDIO/COPY typing, word processing. Neat efficient, competitive. Jenny Burke: 01-892 8929.

QUALITY TYPING. English, German, French. *Moderate charges. Anne Shotts: 01-452 6617.*

THE TYPING POOL a women's co-operative. Professional low cost typing of articles, theses, letters, etc. from script or tape. Translation and typing of French, German, Spanish and Italian. Central London. Tel: 01-430 0381.

TYPING, WORD processing and translation. Fast efficient service. Collection and delivery service. The Transcription Service 01-735 2964.

SERVICES WANTED

FREE ACCOMMODATION – Bed sitting room, kitchen and bathroom in Acton near underground, in return for part-time gardening and personal care, for elderly woman living *alone. Box* (02)0077.

OPPORTUNITY

ATTENTION LONDON! This is your chance to become financially independent with one of the largest nutritional companies in the USA. We need distributors immediately. Unlimited income. No experience needed. I will be in London on 20 Jan 1985 to train all serious enquirers. Write to me before 16 January: Melanie Gilbean, 11206 Curran Boulevard, New Orleans, Louisianna 70128, or tel. 504242 6828.

PURSUITS

ACADEMIC (male, 45), seeks woman (30-55) for skiing in the sun. Will settle for mountain walking in rain. Box (02) 0057.

AMERICANS. Discuss politics (whither Democrats?), society, literature etc. Tel. Tunbridge Wells (0892) 37955.

CARD PLAYERS, in and around Edinburgh, if you are interested in playing in a regular cards session, contact John, Box (02) 0054.

CHRISTIAN PACIFIST Community envisaged. Canterbury? Not just theist-humanist. Scriptures, Church valued. Jesus worshipped. Academic layman, prematurely retired, welcomes prayerful, sociologically alert collaboration. Called? Box (01)0034.

JOAN OF ARC. Amateur group for study of her life and times, seeks additional members. Box (02)0072.

MANCHESTER AUTHOR, middle-aged, seeks hiking companion to explore South Pennines. Other interests local history and arts. Box (01)0029.

ONE OR TWO crew wanted for early summer trip Solent to Mediterranean, in 26 ft sailing boat. Share expenses only. 0705 583608.

PROFESSIONAL MALE, 40, Londoner, literary interests, novels, writing, talks by writers, wishes to meet female. Holiday spent together, travelling and writing, would be nice. Box (01)0025.

SKIING COMPANIONS wanted by woman, mid-30s, preferably fellow fanatics who like superlative skiing, frequent refreshment stops and eventful evenings. Box (02)0065.

SKIING HOLIDAYS. Socialist teacher, female, would like to meet others, 25-40, to *plan future skiing trips. Box (02) 0059.*

SKILLS EXCHANGE. Self-help network forming to provide a friendly, wide-spectrum resource of useful skills, know-how, specialist information etc. Meeting soon. Please call Alex, 01-940 7510 or write Box (02) 0056.

PERSONAL

PIGLET NEEDS HOME: Oriental cream kitten with curly tail! Just neutured. His brothers and sister already prizewinners. All Piglet needs is a solid shoulder to sit and purr on. 01-693 4247.

ACCOMMODATION VACANT

ACADEMICS VISITING. We have furnished flats near British Museum and Universities – Helen Watson & Co. 01-580 6275.

ARTIST OR WRITER to share Elizabethan Manor House, 30 miles London. Own room and workspace. Very quiet working atmosphere. Car essential. £45 per week. Tel. 0306 711 496.

DRISCOLL HOUSE Hotel. 200 single rooms, £55 *per week, partial board.* Apply 172 New Kent Rd. London SE1 4YT. 01-703 4175.

EUSTON. Large room, 3-5 nights weekly, for quiet graduate. £13. 01-387 1824.

HOLIDAY FLATS/Houses to let. King's Cross, London. Telephone 01-607 4518.

ACCOMMODATION WANTED

CAN YOU HELP?
Ex-public school doctor's son, mid-forties, legal career, temporarily suspended due to mental illness, urgently seeks full or half board accommodation with sympathetic family.
Box (02) 0070

PUBLICATIONS

ECONOMICS COLLECTIONS BOUGHT. Also review copies. Politics, History, Sociology, ECONOMISTS' BOOKSHOP, Secondhand Dept. Ring for appointment. 01-405 8643.

REVIEW COPIES and other books in fine condition bought and sold by Vermilion Books, 57 Red Lion St, London WC1. Tel: 01-242 5822.

SECONDHAND BOOKS wanted all types and quantities. Clifton Books, Southend (0702) 331004.

THERAPY

EXPERIENCED, CARING PSYCHO-THERAPISTS. 01-794 6810, 01-586 4109, 01-883 5418.

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COURSES

GURDJIEFF/OUSPENSKY CENTRE ACCEPTING STUDENTS NOW. Tel: Chorley Wood 4792.

REMINDER
There is still time to enrol for a course on
'No Nonsense Economics'
Telephone or attend either opening evening: 7 p.m. 15 and 17 Jan.
Course 12 weeks, fee £15.
ESSRA School of Economic Studies, 177 Vauxhall Bridge Road, London SW1V 1ER. Tel: 01-834 4979

CREATIVE JOURNAL WORKSHOPS 'Journal writing and our Spiritual Quest', a one day workshop 2 February 1985 10am-6pm. 'Self exploration and inner growth through journal writing' — Introductory weekend 16-17 February 1985. For further information call Simona Parker 01-995 5320.

THE BRITISH INSTITUTE OF FLORENCE
Offers a unique educational and cultural experience. Expert tuition in the Italian language (all levels), the Florentine Renaissance, Mannerism & Baroque, Drawing & Water Colouring. Special 9 month 'A' Level courses in Italian and Art History. Splendid premises & library in historic centre. Accommodation arranged.
Prospectus from: **David Rundle, Director, British Institute, Lungarno Guicciardini 9, Florence, Italy. Tel. 010-39 55 284 031.**

CENTRE FOR DREAM RESEARCH
DIRECTOR: R.D. LAING
Assisted by International Colleagues
Twenty Wednesday Evenings
Starting **16 January 1985**
COURSE 1: 6-8pm. WORKING WITH DREAMS
COURSE 2: 8-10pm. ORTHODOX/ESOTERIC DREAM THEORIES
Fees: £200 per course.
The House on the Heath, 8 Willow Road, London NW3.
Tel: 01-794 8717

HOLIDAYS/TRAVEL

CUBA SPECIAL. Two weeks holiday including six day tour plus seven days hotel beach resort. Departing 7 April and 26 May. £595 per person. Must book now. Ashley Holidays, 131a Bawtry Rd, Wickersley, Rotherham. 0709 543626.

JOURNEY LATIN AMERICA. Low cost flights, holiday journeys. 3-6 weeks. JLA, 16 Devonshire Road, London W4 2HD. 01-747 3108.

TRAVEL BARGAINS FOR 1985

Considerable reductions for schools and other parties

Write for our 1985 BROCHURE. NOW!

Please inform us which country you wish to visit.

A FORETASTE OF 1985 ATTRACTIONS

PEKING £675 5 April-23 May travelling via Moscow (2 days) and Trans Siberian Railway to Peking (9 days) with LENINGRAD via GDR £190 30 March/11 April

LAKE GARDA, DOLOMITES, COMO . . . £125 5/14 April & 25 May-2 June, 7/16 Sept.

ANDORRA & PYRENEES £135, 6-14 April

NORWEGIAN FJORDS £160, 25 May-2 June

MOSCOW BY TRAIN . . . £190 5/15 April & 27 Apr.—7 May, also leaving every Tuesday 9 July/17 Sept.

ORIENT EXPRESS to BLACK SEA . . . £155 dates as Moscow.

BERLIN, DRESDEN, LEIPZIG, PRAGUE . . . £145. 27 March—5 April, & 20-29 April.

PRAGUE £160 6/13 April & 12/19 May.

YORKSHIRE TOURS
49 Thornton Lodge Road
Huddersfield HD1 3JQ.
Tel: 0484 24269

LISTINGS

FRI 11 JAN

LONDON 'The USSR since 1922' — a course on Soviet History. 6.30pm Working Men's College, Crowndale Rd, NW1 01-387 2037.

LONDON 'Miners' Benefit' with 'The Spectres' 8pm TU Centre, Brabant Rd (off Stn. Rd), Wood Green, N22. Disco/bar. Adm. £2/£1 UB40. **Org. Haringey Miners' Support Grp.**

SAT 12 JAN

BRIXTON Celebration of 26th Anniversary of Cuban Revolution. 7.30pm The Crypt, St. Matthews Church, Brixton Hill. Adm. £2.50/£1 UB40. Spkrs incl. Cuban Ambassador, Ted Knight, ANC FDR & NUM. Live Music by Barricada & 'Restriction' & Grenadian Food, Cuban rum, Afro-Latin disco. **Org. Britain/Cuba Resource Centre, 29 Islington Pk. St. N1.**

LONDON Picket of Polish Embassy, 41 Portland Place, W1. 2-4pm. 'No scab coal — Victory to the Miners'.

LONDON Picket of South African Embassy 1-2pm Trafalgar Sq. Protest at conscription policies of apartheid state.

SUN 13 JAN

LONDON 'A night for NICARAGUA' 8pm Piccadilly Theatre, Denman St, W1. Artists incl. Jonathan Pryce, Harold Pinter, Ian McKellen, Wood & Walters, Dame Peggy Ashcroft. **Details: Charlotte Cornwell or Andy de la Tour, Nicaragua Solidarity Campaign, 20 Compton Terrace, N1. 2UN. 01-359 8982/226 6747.**

MON 14 JAN

LONDON 'Women, science & feminist perspectives'. Spkr. Judy Greenway. 8pm The Roebuck, Tottenham Ct. Rd, W1. Latest in series 'Beneath the white coat' org. by **BSSRS.**

TUES 15 JAN

LONDON First Anglo-Argentine concert since Falklands-Malvinas War. 7.30pm Purcell Rm. South Bank SE1. Violin/viola duos by Peter Thomas and Tomas Tichauer playing Mozart and Martinu. Tickets £2.50. **Details: Constanza Lezama 01-998 3447.**

THURS 17 JAN

LONDON 'Calling all 2nd generation Irish women' New grp. forming to discuss backgrounds/identity. 7.30pm Irish Centre, Murray St, Camden, NW1. **Details: Maureen 01-791 0427.**

FRI 18 JAN

MANCHESTER 'The Miners Strike — implications for civil liberties.' NCCL Open meeting 7pm Longsight Library, Stockport Rd. Spkrs. incl. Andrew Bennett MP. Gerald Kaufman, MP. Adm. Free.

SAT 19 JAN

LONDON AGM of JANE (Journalists Against Nuclear Extermination). Spkr. Andrew Hewitt, CND TU organiser. 2pm-4.40pm Friends House, Euston Rd, NW1. NUJ members welcome. **Details: Richard Keeble 01-980 4534.**

LONDON 'Victory to the Miners!' March & Rally. Assemble 12.30pm Islington Town Hall, Upper St, N1. Spkrs. S. Wales NUM, Tony Benn MP, Jeremy Corbyn MP. **Details: Islington Miners Support Cttee, 68 Regina Rd, N4. 01-359 1789.**

BRISTOL 'Policing the Miners' day school 10am-5pm Students Union. **Details: Janie Percy-Smith, 54 Cotham Rd, Cotham, BS6 6DW 0272 48795.**

FORTHCOMING

23 JAN HAMPSTEAD 'Why they open letters and tap phones: The logic behind the bomb.' Spkr. Air Commodore Alistair Mackie, CBE DFC, RAF retd. now Ex-Services CND. 7.30pm Three Horseshoes Pub, 28 Heath St. NW3. Drinks, food. **Org. Hampstead CND.**

23 JAN LONDON BAND (Book Action for Nuclear Disarmanent) is showing 'Atomic Cafe 6.30pm Uni. of London Union. Adm. £1.50/£1 membs. of BAND. **Details: BAND C/O Whittet Books Ltd., 113 Westbourne Grove, W.2. 01-221 6899.**

26 JAN LONDON National Childcare Campaign AGM 10.30am-4pm Oak Rm., 70 Kingsway, WC2. Discn. on new initiatives taken by L/A nurseries/schools to increase control by parents and workers. **Org. NCCC, Wesley Hs, 70 Gt. Queen St, WC2B 5AX. 01-405 5617/8.**

27 JAN LONDON 'New Jewel Movement' meeting 4pm-8pm Caribbean Resource Centre, 5 Westminster Bridge Rd, SE1.

28 JAN LONDON Gala Concert for Peace starring John Williams & Fou Ts'ong 7.30pm Royal Festival Hall. Tickets from £2.50-£9 from RFH Box Office 01-928 3191. **Org. MANA (Musicians Against Nuclear Arms) Details: 01-359 1481.**

30 JAN LONDON COSAWR & Anti-Apartheid Movement public meeting 7.30pm Africa Centre, 38 King St, WC2. 'State of War: The Apartheid War Machine'. Spkrs from AAM, ANC, SWAPO, COSAWR, CND.

31 JAN LONDON CPAG one-day-course for welfare rights advisers covering Amendments in 1984 to Social Security legislation; Review of 1984 Commissioners' decisions; Severe Disability Allowance; Housing benefit. 10am-5pm Friends House, Euston Road, NW1. Fee £15. **Details & bking: Alan Booth, CPAG, 1 Macklin St, WC2. 01-242 3225.**

6 FEB LONDON Socialist Health Assoc AGM 8pm Walthamstow Town Hall, Forest Rd, E17.

9 FEB LONDON Public Order Research Grp./Greater London Assoc. of Trades Councils Conf. on Policing & Public Order: Proposals for Change. 1pm Congress House, Gt. Russell St, W1. **Details: Public Order Research Grp, 9 Poland St, W1. 01-734 5831.**

23 FEB OXFORD 2nd Poplit Conf. Ruskin College. Registration £4/£2 UB40. Papers incl. Cora Kaplan on Queens of Crime, Rosemary Jackson on P. D. James, George Wotton on Teaching Raymond Chandler. **Org. Centre for Social History, Ruskin College, Walton St, Oxford.**

23 FEB LONDON GLC Assembly on Abolition, ratecapping, jobs. Wembley Conference Centre. **Details: Rm. 217 County Hall 01-633 4400.**

2 MARCH LONDON 'Poor Britain' Conference org. by CPAG 10.30am-5.30pm City University, Northampton Sq, EC1. Sessions on social security & the welfare state. Spkrs incl Barbara Cohen, Chris Pond, Prof. Patrick Minford, Nick Raynsford, Prof. Peter Townsend. Fee £6/£3 UB40. **Details and programme: Alan Booth, CPAG 1 Macklin St, WC2. 01-242 3225.**

9 MARCH BURNHAM-on-SEA, SOMERSET 'The D Questions: Disarmanent, Development or Disaster?' Study day at Princess Hall, £3/£2 UB40. **Details/registration: Liz Wright, Burnham-on-Sea & High[illegible]dge CND, 5 Kingsway Rd, Burnham-on-Sea, Somerset.**

Sorry, but we can't accept entries over the phone. Entries must be received by Friday preceding issue date. We reserve the right to exclude items without giving reasons and are not responsible for errors. Space is strictly limited so if you definitely want your item to appear, we suggest you book it as an ad under the appropriate classified heading. See main heading for rates, etc.

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Enquiries 01-251 5487

Exhibition

HALF MOON THEATRE 213 Mile End Rd. 01-790 4000. Free exhibition: **LOOKING BACK** — photographs of East London 11am-7pm.

Music

LATIN AMERICAN Records and cassettes. Music from Chile, Nicaragua, El Salvador, Uruguay etc. Send large SAE for free catalogue to LMS, 8 Bradbury Street, London N.16. Tel 01-249 3334.

Literary

Centre for Social History

CRIME THRILLERS & DETECTIVES

2nd Poplit Conference at Ruskin College, Oxford. 23 Feb 1985. Registration £4 (unwaged £2).

Papers include: Cora Kaplan: **Queens of Crime**/Barry Taylor: **Gorky Park — Detente, the End of Detection?**/Jerry Palmer: **Hard-Boiled Fiction**/Geoff Hempsted: **Commodities and Crime**/George Wotton: **Teaching Raymond Chandler.**

Please apply early

Theatre

ROYAL SHAKESPEARE COMPANY 01-628 8795/638 8891 24hr info 628 2295
BARBICAN THEATRE
PETER PAN — by J M Barrie 10-18 Jan. Return tickets only.
PIT
New production of WASTE by Harley — Granville Barker 10-18 Jan.

NATIONAL THEATRE 01-928 2252. Olivier (open stage) 'A Little Hotel on the Side', 'The Ancient Mariner', 'Animal Farm', Lyttelton (proscenium stage) 'She Stoops to Conquer', 'Wild Honey'. Cottesloe (small auditorium) 'Doomsday', 'The Passion', 'The Nativity'. See daily press for dates and times or ring recorded information 01-928 2256.

SADLER'S WELLS THEATRE EC1 01-278 8916 (5 lines) CC Group Sales 01-930 6123. 15 Jan-9 Feb 'The Wind in the Willows' starring Terry Scott, Patrick Cargill, Donald Hewlett and Melvyn Hayes. Mon-Fri eves 7pm (Sats 7.30pm). Mats 2pm (Sats 2.30pm).

Competition

Outhouse Press HISTORICAL PERSONAGE Clerihew Competition judged by MARTIN FAGG

1st prize £100
2 prizes of £50
12 prizes of £15
Entry fee 75p for up to 4 clerihews.
Closing date: 15 Jan results by 29 Jan

Details from:
The Old Lodge
Cosway Mansions,
Shroton Street,
London NW1 6UE

MEETINGS

THEOSOPHY: S.a.e. for free pamphlets, book list, programme of activities. Sunday 13 Jan. 8 p.m. Informal Q/A Meeting. 'Death and After'. ULT, 62 Queen's Gardens, London W2 3AL.

UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LONDON. FREE PUBLIC LECTURES, Spring term 1985. 5.30. The Freud Memorial Lectures in Psychoanalysis: Mon. 14 Jan. 'The Id — or the Child Within?' by Professor J. Sandler (Inaugural Lecture). Mon. 21 Jan. 'The Early Psychoanalytic Group in Vienna' by Dr Harald Leupold-Lowenthal. Mon. 28 Jan. 'The Kleinian Concept of Phantasy' by Dr Elizabeth Spillius. Mon. 4 Feb. 'Slouching Towards Bethlehem: Thinking the Unthinkable in Psychoanalysis' by Dr Nina Coltart. Chemistry Auditorium, Christopher Ingold Laboratories, Gordon Street, WC1. Complete list of public lectures from Publications Office, University College London, Gower St, WC1E 6BT. (Stamped envelope required.)

BEYOND FAMINE

Labour's Aid & Development Strategy. Public meeting **County Hall, London SE1. Thurs 17 Jan. 7.30 pm.** Speakers **Roy Hattersley, Stuart Holland, Judith Hart, James Firebrace.** Organised by *Labour Aid and Development Committee.*

HEARTSEARCH

AFRICA-BASED academic, 32, regularly in Britain, seeks caring woman similarly stimulated by travelling, politics, solitude, music, films, spirituality (perhaps willing to become book scout). Box (02)0064.

AFRO/CARIBBEAN man, kind, intelligent, accepting, serious, sought by woman (25), kind, caring, reliable, tall and fair, for friendship and fun. Glasgow area. Box (02)0079.

AMERICAN ESTABLISHED London. Man, 51, engaging, sensitive, warm, shy. Enjoys intimate friendships, intellectual conversations, casual ways (this was written by a woman friend). Box (02)0036.

AM I too late for loving companionship? Merry widow, Continental, late fifties, not dreary, modern, attractive, lively, not academic. Wants to laugh the blues away. Box (02)0047.

ANY WOMAN, North of Watford, who would like to meet a pleasant, lively man of fifty who has many things but not a good woman, please write. Box (02) 0068.

ARE YOU a lively minded individual, 18-80, enjoying the arts, discussions, conferences, rambles, dancing? The Progressive League caters for Mind, Body and Intellectual Stimulus. And it's so cheap. 17 Jan. Woman/Man group Conway Hall, WC1 — follow-up to last month's meeting. Ring 01-452 8358.

ASSERTIVE, GENTLE and interesting lady *sought for companionship by male,* 37, professional, London based, previously married, average size, literary and bucolic interests. Box (02) 0040.

ATTRACTIVE, FRIENDLY female graduate, forties, seeks genuine male and female relationships. Interested in literature, visual arts, walking, travel. North London area, Box (02) 0055.

ATTRACTIVE, PROFESSIONAL man (58), loves arts, seeks attractive, sensual, non-smoking woman, slim/medium (any age to 53), any race/circumstance for warm friendship/enjoyments. Pref. London/surrounding area. Box (02) 0078.

FEMALE GRADUATE, 27, tall, slim, non-smoker, seeks similar unattached male — if such exists in the North East — to brighten up the New Year. Photo appreciated. Box (02) 0081.

CIVILISED OXBRIDGE graduate, single, early sixties (looks younger), retired but busy, wide interests, non-smoker, seeks attractive, unmarried younger woman for occasional (or more frequent) cultural and other pursuits and mutual enjoyment. Not left wing. London, *preferably north of Thames.* Box (02) 0048.

COME ALIVE in '85. Attractive widow, late fifties, Herts, wants to make fresh start with energetic man. Share interests or start business venture. Box (02) 0063.

DATELINE'S PSYCHOLOGICALLY accurate introductions lead to pleasant friendships, spontaneous affairs and firm, lasting relationships including marriage. All ages, all areas. Free details: Dateline Computer Dating, Dept. (7NS), 23 Abingdon Rd, London W8. Tel. 01-938 1011.

ENGLISH GIRL loved American man, but he had to return to USA. Can you replace him? Caring, aware, positive thinking, humorous, living fully. Late 30s/40s. Affirmative? Then an attractive female counterpart awaits your reply. London. Box (02) 0038.

FEMININE, SLIM, professional lady, 50, needing someone special in her life again, would like to hear from cultured, professional man, tall, presentable, youthful fifties. Box (02) 0076.

GAY ARIAN young 50s, v. handsome, graduate Oxbridge, non-effeminate, professional type, masseur, loves classical music, seeks company (over 21). ALA S/SW. Box (02) 0049.

GENTLE, ATTRACTIVE divorcée teacher, 42, wide interests include CND, Labour Party, good food, visual arts, seeks considerate man for friendly or loving relationship. Box (02) 0050.

GENTLEMAN, 30s, London, tall, elegant, attractive, distinctive. Interests reading, 20s/30s/40s music, 20s/30s/40s cinema. Wishes to hear from pretty, well-built, shapely lady, genuine good accent. Box (02) 0045.

GOOD MAN going to waste. Unattached, 40s, very typical Scorpio, good friend and attentive partner, seeks feminine female, for sincere relationship. London. Box (02) 0075.

INDEPENDENT FEMALE, 33, would like to correspond with unattached, humorous, non-smoking male. Box (02) 0042.

INTELLIGENT, ATTRACTIVE, independent socialist woman seeks the company of a similar male, 30-40. North of England. Box (02) 0058.

LADY 63+, NW1. Where have all cultured, nice men gone? (Hope for New Year). Box (02)0071.

LANCASHIRE BUSINESSMAN, 35 yrs old, travels regularly to Europe, seeks female companion for travel, fun and a fuller life. Age not important. Box (02) 0039.

LONELY DOCTOR, male, under 45, sought by slim, very attractive, musically talented woman colleague, late 30s, view loving relationship, marriage, children. Midlands or London. Box (02) 0046.

MALE, PhD, scientist, middle years, seeks friendship with warm, intelligent woman. Libertarian socialist, androgynous and 'free-child' outlook. Hope to make it (late. . .) family *wise. Peace movement, youth work, cycling* etc. (East Kent). Box (02) 0052.

MALE, GRADUATE, 50, presentable, solvent, divorced, seeks compatible female, age, location not important. Box (02) 0044.

WOMAN OF WARMTH and vitality, tall, attractive, early 40s, seeks personable, caring man of intelligence and integrity. Box (02) 0041.

MALE 41, missing warmth, intimacy and spontaneity in unsuccessful attachment, seeks sensitive, intelligent female, 30s/early 40s for caring friendship. First advertisement so please reply. London. Box 4044.

MAN, 58, 6ft, slim, at top of profession, but not rich, needs affectionate and hopefully romantic but undemanding woman friend. Interests: visual arts, literature discussion, country. London or anywhere near M4. Box (02) 0082.

POLITICS LECTURER, male, 38, seeks intellectual, academic woman for long-term relationship. Also likes music, cinema, art. Box (02) 0074.

SENSITIVE, SHY male, 30 yrs old, 6 ft tall, seeks friendship/companionship of lady, 35-55. Prefers talking, walking, evenings by the fireside to pubs and discos. Box (02) 0037.

SIR, DO you strive for perfection yet know when to compromise? Unwilling solo traveller, forties, needs caring mate and best friend. Intellectual academic please. Box (02) 0061.

TALL, BEARDED, socialist male, 34, interested in books, music, theatre, travel, seeks female friend to share cultural pursuits and loving relationship. Midlands/East Anglia. Box (02)0066.

UNATTACHED BUSINESSWOMAN, 40 (thought attractive), living in Somerset with 3 teenagers, seeks caring, lively man with similar sense of fun. Photo appreciated. Box (02) 0062.

WANTED ATTRACTIVE female companion to tour the Continent. Possibly USA. Expenses paid, plus. Photo a must. Inquiries to: 3208 *Cahuenga W 24, Hollywood, California 90068,* USA.

WHERE IS THAT MAN FOR ALL SEASONS
to work with, play with and love?

48-58, charming, witty, cultured, highly educated, romantic, passionate, successful, eligible. . .

Lady Writer/Interior Designer, attractive, elegant, versatile, vivacious, widely travelled, with degrees, awards, diplomas etc, recently returned from working abroad, longs for a HAPPY 1985 and ever after. . .

Please write fully in confidence and send a recent photograph. An equal response with photo is guaranteed. Philanderers, practical *jokers, fortune hunters and heavy smokers,* save your stamps! Box (02)0032.

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